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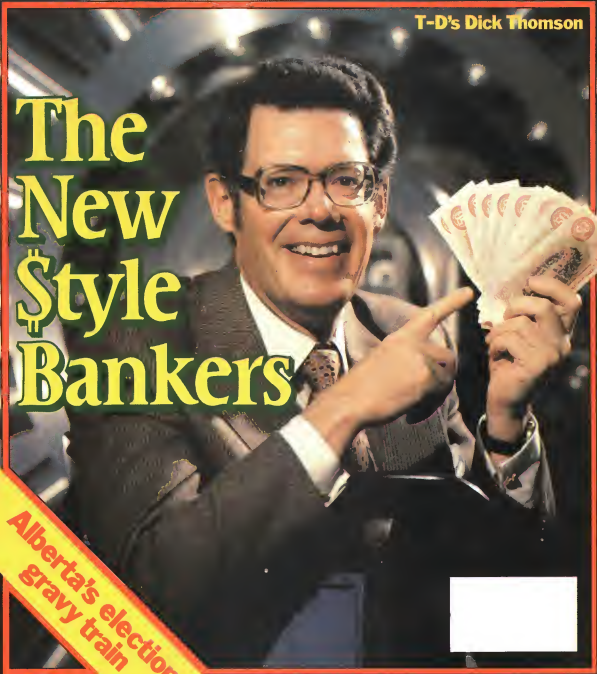
MARCH 12, 1979

75¢

T-D's Dick Thomson

The New \$tyle Bankers

Alberta's election
gravy train



Not just a Rosalynn in Jimmy's lapel

By William Lowell

Rosalynn Carter is not at ease with power. Her image as a steel maestra, a woman who has led her nation as first lady—is only and tactically

she has an acute maternal sense of the political that lies at the real base of her influence, an adviser to the policies and parties in power.

White House strategists were worried

It is not always possible to measure Rosalynn Carter's political clout; but according to Hamilton Jordan, the president's No. 1 aide and an individual not given to flattery, it can be considerable. "If I think the president is off in the wrong direction over something and can't persuade him to change his mind," he has said, "then I try to get Rosalynn on my side. That usually does it." Besides, she does attend every single cabinet meeting, something no president's wife has ever done, and discussion issues later with cabinet members.

Intensely, her greatest strength (tantal and absolute commitment to her husband, everything and anything he stands for) is also perceived by Washington watchers to be her greatest drawback. The paragon and the preeminent of American politics has tried to prove Mrs. Carter as a modern-day Eleanor Roosevelt—inspired and independent of thought. A woman with significant social causes of her own to fight for and further. But it just isn't so: she might well be the most active woman in the White House for 40 years but her mission should not be confused with those of the crusading Eleanor. Instead, the evidence is that she is devoted to only one project—backing her husband at all costs.

That undertone, it is nevertheless a task she performs with style and grace under pressure. Never rattled, never riled,



Rosalynn Carter out harvesting votes for Jimmy—affiliated by the "image problem"

now about how to portray Mrs. Carter in the months to come. The problem is that she has no clear public image. Julia Kennedy was known for her chic, her taste, Lady Bird Johnson had schemes to beautify the nation, Pat Nixon, though hardly dynamic, was sold as a housewife and homemaker. Betty Ford was known for her candor, her courage. But mention the name of Rosalynn Carter and many people draw a blank.

Though worthy, the nation she has chosen to spend most time on—mental health care, the problems of the old, urban

renewal—aren't "sexy." They don't attract much media attention. And she has not lived up to the promise of the last campaign to be a highly visible, non-presidential sort of figure: touring public morale, inspiring and inspiring the nation to do good works.

Rosalynn was an outstanding campaigner so we assumed she would continue to be outstanding as first lady," says one former White House staffer. "I don't think it's her fault, or anybody's, but this picture we nurtured somehow didn't develop. From the first day it was important for us to show her doing great things. She wanted it. I thought, she's the woman of the '70s, the beautiful, terrific lady, who's concerned about humanitarian causes. She has this close, loving relationship with her husband. The question is, are we right in expecting any first lady to be more than what she is? It put her in the position of having to measure up to her advance billing. Maybe Rosalynn is trapped by the great expectations."

At 52, she is a shy, determined, not particularly well-read, not well educated but intelligent woman. She is also undeniably handsome with her lush eyebrows, a smile almost as ready as her husband's and shining eyes given more sparkle by a cosmetic operation to "tuck" her heavy eyelids last year. In all, she is appealing for what she is, not for what her husband's advisers want her to be. And in the coming months that appeal will be put to the political test as she travels the U.S. extensively to promote the president.

Left to be herself Rosalynn Carter is no star, but she comes over as gracious and well-meaning. A case in point came up last month during the three-day state visit to Mexico. Up until nearly the end of her first year in the White House, Mrs. Carter usually wore simple drop-dry, all-weather clothes, many of them, she boasted, bought on sale. Now she travels with a hairdresser and once spent \$4,000

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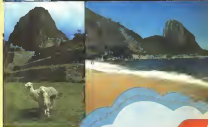
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Dispensing with protocol in a Mexico City plaza: "I think I built up expectations."

in a day on designer dresses in New York. But she remains essentially simple of taste, no more conscious of her appearance on a busy day than the average housewife. That was particularly evident during the Mexico visit while she was in close contact with that country's first lady, Carmen López Portillo. A Latin version of Elizabeth Taylor, she keeps a makeup parlor in her mansion; limousine drivers often keep a bar. Her expensive clothes and travelling court of aides and security men make her appearance into royal shows. Not long ago she spent \$15,000 one morning in New York on makeup and dresses. Her purchases included 90 pots of eyeshadow in a rainbow of shades.

After watching the two first ladies walking round a beautiful 18th-century square in Mexico City, one Washington reporter, a close observer of women in politics, said: "It was fascinating. Rosalynn looked hablet, reached out to touch second peasant women, working the crowd like she was running for Congress. Carmen stood back, rarely touching anyone, just being there. Rosalynn genuinely sees herself as just one of the people."

Nor was the Mexico trip Mrs. Carter's only major venture into the public view last month. She caused quite a stir on Capitol Hill by testifying as "honorary

chairwoman" of the President's Commission on Mental Health before Senator Edward Kennedy's Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research. With a good, safe, non-controversial issue, pleading in a nervous southern drawl for more money to help the mentally ill, it was all prize-worthily if unexciting. In an effort to make the most of it, the White House newsmen let it be known that Mrs. Carter was the first president's wife to appear before a congressional committee since Eleanor Roosevelt testified in 1945 about local affairs in the District of Columbia.

Mrs. Carter will likely be the first president's wife to do a lot of things before she leaves the White House. Her travel schedule is such, her work load so heavy, that some speculate she tries to make up with manual labor for what she lacks in forceful imagination. She will go anywhere and meet anyone if it will get a vote for "Jimmy-oh." That last fact couldn't have been more dramatically illustrated during the last two months than it was by two widely embarrassing photographs turned up by the press in her trip last year to Democratic fund-raising parties she shook hands and posed for the camera with Rev. Jim Jones, who later led his People's Temple sect members into mass suicide in Guyana, and John Gacy, former Democratic precinct captain in Illinois, now accused of murdering 32 young men after having sexual relations with them.

Daughter Amy, 22, a "late surprise" in Rosalynn's world also takes a certain amount of Mrs. Carter's time. (There are also three sons—Jack, 33, Chip, 36 and Jeff, 36.) Mother and daughter take vacations and practice together these days in one of the official mansion's hideaway rooms. "You should hear the noise, it's just terrific," says Mrs. Carter. Perhaps the greatest family crisis since the president came to power came when son Chip found that his celebrity status as a Carter made him a favorite at parties throughout the capital and he and his wife, Cora, drifted apart. They are contemplating divorce.

For obvious reasons, his job won't meet White House staffers close to Mrs. Carter refuse to talk for the record. Said one: "Rosalynn is a sweet, compassionate woman who is hard on such underneath, a classical southern woman but she hasn't come through at all to the public. There's no image of her out across the country. We aren't seeing her as an involved and dynamic lady, nor are we seeing her as a compassionate woman. Maybe you can't have both, but right now we're not getting either."

How does Mrs. Carter see the image problem herself? In a recent interview she said: "I'm doing the things that come nat-

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Frontlines

urally to me. The things I'm interested in I have a feeling of fulfillment, to a certain extent. I'm a very private person. I like to have time by myself and with my family. That's important to me.

"It might be my fault that people expect more of me because I talked in the campaign about things I wanted to do and I think I built up expectations. I wanted to work with the mentally afflicted, with the elderly, so I think people expect me to do these things. And when people tell us they're uneasy about us, well, they need to be done. These things that I'm interested in are seen as dull and boring and you can't get the newspapers to cover them. I never tried to be anyone's hero. I never have worried about image. I never have tried to create an image.

Born Rosalynn Smith in 1928, daughter of a poor seamstress in Plains, Georgia, she attended a local community college before leaving to work in a beauty parlor and earn much needed cash to keep up the house. At 19 she married Carter, then a young naval officer, and left the South for life as a service wife. But when her father died in 1950 they returned to Plains to run the peanut business. In those years Rosalynn is said to have fought the hardest battle of her life—balancing her own with her husband's demanding mother "Miss Lillian." It was at this time that she really came into her own as Jimmy's intimate adviser.

When a visiting editor asked Carter how full just how much influence his wife had, the president replied, "Rosalynn is an extremely knowledgeable and sensitive person. She has a very strong will. I think she understands the consciousness of the American people and their attitudes, perhaps better than I do. She is even involved in foreign affairs."

Says Rosalynn, "People have written that I'm Jimmy's greatest adviser. I'm not. But I talk to him about all the things he's trying to do. He trusts my opinion. I can talk to him about what I feel ought to be done. He always listens."

Last summer, when Carter's popularity was dropping dangerously low in the polls, it was Rosalynn who took direct action. She visited media who-led Gerry Rud about up to Washington and persuaded him to join the White House staff as head of communications. He has taken Carter's image problems in hand and by carefully managing news events—involving himself in the timing of international affairs so they benefit Carter the most—he has improved the president's public standing remarkably. Significantly Rosalynn Carter told the image maker that she was not concerned about her own poor press. It is not important to her. She doesn't need public recognition. All she wants is the support she needs as a wife and mother. ☐

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For the budget funeral, say it with cardboard

When Timlick, coffin rental agent and funeral home owner, revisited the grave beginnings of his lonely industry in Canada. It was in the late '60s. He had been in the business for more than a decade and had heard all the high-sounding claims about the durability of coffins and body suits. One casket company issued a 10-year guarantee, but only a vintage or a slow-moving homicide cop would be in any position to check that out. Then Timlick began to dig into the matter in Trail, B.C.

He was given the job of moving 1,158 graves—none older than a few generations and many only 20 years in the ground—in another site five miles away. Timlick found a corroded steel vault in one grave. In a few cases there were remains of femurs, the longest

bones in the body. Otherwise, "in the other 1,157 graves there was nothing left but a rust mark and a skull." Many a sign of a high-priced casket. That experience sold Timlick on cardboard coffins.

Today, MacMillan-Bloedel makes cardboard boxes to Timlick's specifications, for \$3 apiece. Timlick's wife, Jean, sews the pillows and linings using a fabric that looks like satin and costs another \$3 a suit. "And that's it," says Timlick proudly. It is clearly a triumph—a 99 coffin. There is, however, a reluctance among many people to be laid to rest in a gaudy-up cardboard box that resembles an extra-deep Allied Van Lines wardrobe container; this is where Timlick's rent-a-casket business comes in.

Last year he acquired the Canadian franchise of a Florida company that markets deep, majestic caskets called "catafalques," which are becoming popular in American funeral parlors. The

craft family buys only a cardboard or plywood coffin, and rents a catafalque as an impressive, reusable outer shell. Timlick's company, Western Casket Rental Ltd., calls the inner coffin a Shambler-Bed. That's all you take with you.

In the last four months, the catafalques have been sold about 100 times, and one of Timlick's customers, Vancouver funeral director Arnold Harber, is projecting that they will soon represent one-third of his business. Renters have been able to top off at least \$150 from his average funeral bill of \$2,300.

B.C. is uniquely funeral-conscious. Of the 140,000 Canadians who are members of the low-cost-oriented Memorial Society, almost 100,000 are British Columbians. The B.C. society's lowest priced funeral, featuring a cardboard coffin, is \$285 for members and \$385 for non-members (plus cremation or burial costs ranging from \$90 to \$410). But Timlick is not impressed, and Canada's only full-time coffin rental operator has decided to open his own funeral parlor in Delta, 30 miles south of Vancouver. The ghost of a smile visits his dear professional face as he explains how he can take dead aim at the cheaper funerals in B.C. with a cardboard-and-catafalque combination, plus hearse, viewing, transport of the remains and death certificate, for \$150.

Timlick, 54, has spent the last 28 years looking for a way "to lower funeral prices and shake up this anemic industry." He appears to have done both. The B.C. Funeral Service Association, representing 85 of the province's 80 funeral parlors, is fuming.

The catafalque system used by Timlick is "deception" and Brian Winther, vice-president of the association and head of its ethics committee. "It doesn't make sense for a person to feed all his friends into thinking he has spent the wad on mother. We maintain that anything that goes to the cemetery should stay there. . . . and I don't know if a cardboard box reflects an appropriate degree of respect for a life that has been lived."

"Those big-white puritans are afraid of losing sales of their high-priced suits," snaps Timlick. Winther conceded that he counts on profits from casket sales. He said most people spend between \$450 and \$750 on a coffin, and the average price of a B.C. funeral, according to a 1976 poll of 30 mortuaries, is \$800. "If Timlick is offering a funeral service, catafalque and liner for \$150, he won't be in business very long," said Winther. "The day of the Good Shepherd is long gone."

Robert Stall

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Macmillan-Bloedel on Timlick with one of his 99 coffins, fighting the high cost of dying



The taxman cometh— but he can't catch Joe

Income tax wasn't exactly what T.S. Eliot had in mind when he designated April the cruelest month, but for the beleaguered breadwinners about to sit down with their TIs and receipts, the description is particularly apt. The April 30 tax-filing deadline is one that income earners ignore at their peril, as shown by the trials of Joseph Borowski, former Manitoba highways minister, Honorary Winnipeg Citizen No. 1612, and the bone of Revenue Canada

up to pay any more premiums until the "daughter" was stopped. But that line of resistance was blocked when Schreyer's new administration abolished Medicare premiums, but Borowski also announced in the legislature that he would refuse to file his 1978 federal tax return, or any other, until abortions were banned.

Borowski and daughter Sandra in his store. "We'll live in a big condo if we hang in."



Borowski, 45, hasn't filed a tax return since 1971 and, despite the constant attention of taxmen that could culminate this month in a charge of contempt of court—he doesn't intend to start now.

His problems began with the liberalisation of Canada's abortion laws in 1968, a step which Borowski, a devout Catholic, regards as "legalised child murder." He was particularly incensed when he discovered in 1971 that the Manitoba government, of which he was a member, was subsidizing abortions in New York clinics through its Medicare program. He raged from then on, (now Governor-General) Ed Schreyer's cabinet over the issue, refu-

Seven years later, though his car has been seized and sold in auction, a ban has been placed against him house and taxmen have attempted to seize gold bars and coins from his home, he remains true to his word. He has been jailed twice for a total of 25 days, has to make re-entrance appearances in court and has come to equate tax inspectors with the gossips, thugs or gnomes. But the fight continues, with Borowski even prepared to compromise. "If Trudeau and his gang will change the law and stop using tax money to fund innocent, unborn children, then I'll be willing to change my principles and support the abolition of capital punishment. I'll support saving the lives of a few guilty

men if he'll save the lives of the 67,000 children aborted in this country every year."

While many disagree with Borowski's extreme stand on abortion—he doesn't accept it even for victims of rape or for women known to be carrying a mentally or physically defective fetus—few doubt his sincerity or commitment to principle.

His house in La Salle on the outskirts of Winnipeg is legally owned by his wife and three daughters, but these didn't stop the taxmen from placing a lien against it in early 1978. "To get a lien they had to be to a federal court judge because it isn't my property," he claims. "My wife says we'll live in a log cabin if need be."

Last Nov. 16, Revenue Canada agents seized his brand-new \$7,000 Volvo while it was in a garage for a five-week service check, later selling it at auction for about \$4,000. "It was the first car in my life that has air conditioning and they had to take it," laments Borowski, who now borrows his daughter's car.

He's convinced his phone has been tapped and he has been charged with assault by one tax collector. He was formally seized in court last month to reveal where he keeps his assets and given two weeks to comply or be charged with contempt of court.

The battle goes on. He now earns his living from a store called Borowski's Vitamins and Health Foods Ltd., officially opened in the spring of 1977 when Schreyer—a firm believer in the restorative powers of Borowski's glowing tablets—cut a purple ribbon. To be safe, he had the firm legally incorporated and he does pay income taxes. He, his wife and daughter Sandra each own a third of the business.

He has had "lots of support, lots of contributions from individuals"—his Alliance Against Abortion ban fund has collected \$60,000—while others have helped by buying *The Borowski Cookbook*, his self-published, 118-page collection of ethnic health recipes including such gastronomic gems as "Trudeau's Shipwreck Casserole" and "Broadbent's Pie in the Sky." At \$4.50 a copy, it's in its second printing of 5,000.

But after all these years, is the agitation really worth it? "This is the only nonviolent way I can practice civil disobedience," Joe Borowski still says with conviction. "People tell me I can't win but it's important to fight. When these things are judged, at least I'll be able to look my maker in the eye and say, 'Lord, I did what I thought was right.'" The Lord may be impressed, but the taxman not.

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The mass start of the 1979 Canadian Ski Marathon, 90 miles down the trail left a skier keeps track, same line it cold

Survival of the fittest at 32 below

By Marni Jackson

Dan Tenev looked at his thumb. It was a sickly blue and not the right shape at all. He moved closer to the fireplace of the Chateau Montebello, where other skiers just off the trail of the 1979 Canadian Ski Marathon were thawing out. This year, the world's longest ski race—a two-day, 100-mile trail divided into 16 sections, running through the Quebec countryside just northeast of Ottawa—had the added distraction of becoming the world's coldest.

"I had just finished three sections," said Tenev, a young doctor from Boston, "and I was in having a hot drink at the checkpoint when I heard this tapping noise. It's a hammer. I couldn't figure out where the sound was coming from and then I looked down, it was my thumb, hard as a rock, knocking on the table."

More than 4,000 skiers signed up for last month's marathon, but the cold weather quickly thinned the ranks, leaving skiers out with frostbite or



hypothermia. At the start in Lacate, at 6 a.m. on Saturday, the temperature was -32°C, and—in the radio level to repeat—the wind chill factor took it down to -57°C. By noon at Chateaupetit, volunteers had ladled out 100 pounds of honey and 17 cases of raisins, and four skiers had been diverted to the hospital to have their frostbite treated. In the evening, the physiotherapy room set up back at the Chateau came to resemble a spring crevasse bed, with rows upon rows of medical blue tents. The volunteer staff spent an uneasy

weekend hard-earning dozens of cold feet.

Present thenceforth, was this sort of thing fun? "Oh sure," said Tenev, scribbling his thumb toward the fireplace. "My main worry is that if I lose my thumb, I won't be able to do again."

The marathon, a race with paramilitary maneuvering organized by three hired staff and 700 volunteers, draws every sort of skier, from novice tourists hoping to complete one 70-mile leg to racers with several winning techniques and severe fitness fears. But the heroes of the weekend are the Coeur de Bois Gold skiers, cardiovascular specialists who attempt to ski 100 miles carrying 12-pound backpacks, for a prize, they also camp out overnight.

Seventy-four skiers signed up for this mad scheme and 30 made it to the end. One co-courier de bois, Don Johnson of Ottawa, received the first award for completing the gold course five times. Johnson, to all appearances a normal person, sprang up into the banquet position to shake the hand of the Canadian grandpa of cross-country skiing, "Jackrabbits" Johnson, 104 years old and basking in his post-geriatric celebrity.

Jackrabbits didn't ski, but his walk had a definite lank and glide and he swung his cane like a cross-country skier. At the Banquet main banquet, he held court, a silver Berlin Chaise alter-

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Frontlines



Skier Andrei Boudard: a problem with icing

slowly grinding and outgassing the marshmallows for (1) their admirable character and (2) their darkness compared to the old days. Jackabublet was so self-sufficient he brushed away the microphone at the banquet; no one heard much of what he said, but the spirit of his remarks was unmistakable. His daughter, sitting nearby, covered her face in muffled amusement while the skiers stood and cheered.

After the first day, the lobby of the Chateau—and every hall in the area—overflowed with skiers, snowing, sleeping, lingering or basting their frosted faces with Vaseline until the crowd had a collective, slippery gleam. Meanwhile out in the woods, about 40 adventurous marshmallows settled into one of two water campsites. They sat on beds of straw (showing red beneath a 14-foot ice), tentatively touching the scorched, ash-like patches of freshets on their cheeks or chins. As volunteers heated up stew and handed out cups of hot chocolate, one of the skiers nonchalantly stripped off his shirt and stood there bare-chested, shivering. The sun was gold, the sky was a fiery blue, and altogether the campsite was not the arctic torture chamber envisioned by the skiers hugging the fireplace back at the Chateau. "It was very comfortable," said Monique Tremblay, a physical education teacher from Lac St. Jean, Quebec, who has skied the 100-mile route twice and decided to try camping out this year. "A little cold in the

morning, perhaps, but a fine sleep."

Some expert skiers, not necessarily out to conquer the elements, considered it foolhardy to ski at all in such temperatures. Jörg Bensch of Switzerland, a freeskier, (freeskier skis without a binding) working for a year in Canada, skied one day—30 miles—and called it quits. "In Switzerland we don't even train in this weather. Today I wore a face mask and by the last checkpoint, the ice on it was two inches thick—I could hardly get the mask to reach my mouth!" However he was happy with his skis—eight hours—and his new waxing strategy. "I used 16 layers—a base wax that I burned on, 10 layers of polar wax, and then on this layer of lock wax. It worked well." He carried Top Ten, a blueberry syrup popular with French skiers, and passed up the bean soup and honey drink offered at most checkpoints. In fact, the entire marathon was as hot as his experiment in the best way to dress, eat, and avoid injury in the eternally bitter temperatures.

Fred Koudant was one of the casualties. "Last year I got frostbite and went snow-blind. This time I skied the first 30 miles okay, and then I collapsed while I was walking out. Each year you

learn what not to do. I wore down-filled mitts and jacket, and once they got wet you know, they don't keep you warm. I didn't want to wait around for the next shuttle-bus so I started walking back to the road. I was wet and the wind got me. It was agony, like being the marshmallows all over again. I actually cried, and I never thought I'd cry about skiing because I love it."

Fred sat on the edge of the hotel bed where they had carried him, and Edouard Kuhn, a publicity chairman for the marshmallow event in "Fred, do your poles have orange baskets?" she asked, having expanded her professional duties to tucking in cold skiers and finding scattered equipment. "Your skis are 30th, right? I think I found them."


Fred seemed to have perked up. He was eating water and drinking a reasonably stiff scotch. "This is a nice marshmallow," he said. "But when it gets this cold, the best thing to do is not ski."

However, while the ill-equipped or the carelessly equipped exhausted, the two racers who made it to the finish line at Checkpoint 10 looked as if they had just jogged back from the rink store. Rainer Klabeck of Calgary completed 80 miles in 11 hours, 15 minutes.

As the photographers waddled in the fresh line, chasing through the snow crust up to their thighs and blowing on their fingers, Klabeck glided in the finish ruddy as a salmon keeping up the best waterfalls in the world.

And for the older, wiser marshmallows, the cold weather didn't matter much. Joan Klingman, 51, of Ottawa, was one of the 375 skiers who took part in the first marathon in 1967 and she has only missed two seasons since.

"For us, it's just fun," she said, interviewing a group of four skiers who regularly reunite to ski a section or two. They started out after the mass of skiers were already under way, so they could take their time and enjoy the trail. Despite the traffic, the snow was magical, the two tracks were remarkably tidy and the woods, with their slats of sun and shade, were quiet. Where the trees were thick the wind didn't penetrate, and some leaves, dry and fragile, still hung on the branches, waving the paper lanterns. The four women stopped, took in the view and posed for a snapshot. For them it was a pleasure to move through the gray and gold stripes of the trail, with a sense of well-being neither arrogant nor anxious. ☐



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Yerma adapted by Kenneth Dyer

Shirley Pearl's
Victoria Premiere

Arion Stage

Shakespeare's
Richard II

Shelton Foster's
Nad and Jack

Coast Works
The Importance of Being Earnest

Bob Shawcross's
Happy New Year

Based on Holiday by Philip Barry and Adapted by Cole Porter

Edward Bond's
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An ill wind

On reading Brenda Bakkin's article *A Doctor Studies the Plagiarist's Plagiarist* (Feb. 15), I came across that fine robust Anglo-Saxon word "lure." This sent me to my copy of *Andrew's Third Letter*, by John Andrew (1958-1987), who wrote of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford (1550-1604) that "This Kable of Oxford, making of his law obedience to Queen Elizabeth, happened to let a fart, at which he was so ashamed and shamed that he went to travel, 7 years. On his return the Queen welcomed him home, and said, 'My Lord, I had forgot the fart.'" COLAN LUCY, WINNIPEG

Relative to the article on Dr. Michael Levin's study of bilingualism, I thought Canada Manpower's employment section might be interested in a small bit of post-ers philosophy, which goes that "Partin' here'll never tire, Partin' man's the man to hire." LIFG WOODSON, COURTESY, B.C.

Insult to injury

Usually Madeline's is very much appreciated and widely read in our family. However, I became quite angry when I read the article *Get It Right and Get It First* (Jan. 25), on the New York Radio Show. What I disliked was your attitude toward the show's host, Terry David Mulligan. The unprovoked description of Mulligan as "crazy" and an "intellectual center" in the "extraordinarily bright" gas kids who could "stretch outside their way around" and "politely tolerate" him, was scathingly insulting.

Terry David Mulligan is a gifted journalist with fine warm, human qualities. AUBREY GREENBERG, STAMFORD, BRONX

Head 'em off at the pass

Brenda Bakkin's article *Deeper than Deeper* (Feb. 15) was well written and informative. I have worked with unmarried mothers for the past seven years and agree with her insight:



Man-to-be and model worker Heather Carruthers: some frightening conclusions

ering conclusions. However, I must re-act to her statement that "There are virtually no non-competitive programs in Canada that interrupt the young mother in early stages of pregnancy."

In Calgary there is one such program called the School for Unmarried Mothers. The program is an individualized one which provides accelerated junior and senior high school courses, in-depth personal and group counselling and prenatal classes. Our successes in Calgary suggest that more such schools should be opened across Canada. As Bakkin shows, the need is there.

BARBARA MAISON, PRINCIPAL, THE SCHOOL FOR UNMARRIED MOTHERS, CALGARY BOARD OF EDUCATION, CALGARY

Mind over matter

As an architect with most of my experience in the residential field, I read *How to What the Computer Will Make It* (Feb. 12) with considerable interest. The computer is surely the most sophisticated option. It also shortens the time-consuming process of analyzing different alternatives and then drafting up the final result. But, unless it develops a mind and an imagination, it will not be able to replace the architect. It is the design process because an architect can give form to dreams and aspirations. Architects have a negligible presence in the field of moderately priced housing. Part of this false image is created by statements such as "... saving the architect's fee for design, which can add as much as \$15 to \$20 per square foot to the cost of a house." In Quebec, the proposed fee as per the Order of Architects of Quebec tariff is 65 per cent of construction costs. With construction costs at \$20 to \$40 per square foot, that adds \$12 to \$26.40 per square foot to the cost of a house for full architectural services including construction supervision right up to completion.

ALAN BELLAVERNE, SUYON, QUE.

Jaws III

The article *Why Should We Spend a Couple of Billion Dollars?* (Jan. 22) had both good and bad points. I am not a warmonger but with the world arming to the teeth with offensive weapon systems, we should at least have a defensive system. People are careless and if it costs a couple of billion dollars to prevent them from we shouldn't have to. It is unfortunate that we must continue to buy foreign planes and equipment, but until the people in Ottawa realize this, thousands of jobs and billions of dollars will be enjoyed by our neighbors.

JOHN SQUIRE, D'ARCY, B.C.

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Letters

Let the mother beware

We at the Ontario Association for the Mentally Retarded were surprised at your negative reaction to the TV campaign by the Ontario ministry of community and social services on prevention of mental retardation in *The Hard Life of a Hard Sell* (Feb. 12). On the contrary, we congratulated the ministry for its resource and concern. Some forms of mental retardation can be prevented. Feedback from the community suggests that many people did not realize this. There is very strong evidence linking exposure to radiation, many kinds of drugs, excessive drinking and smoking on the part of pregnant women to damage to the unborn child. These are not the only causes of mental retardation, but they are areas where citizens can themselves take responsibility and tip the scales toward having a healthy baby. To do this, however, they must first be aware of the dangers. It is a very serious matter for any child to be born with a lifelong handicap, the more so if it can be prevented.

MARGARET McPHERSON, PRESIDENT,
THE ONTARIO ASSOCIATION FOR THE
MENTALLY RETARDED, TORONTO

Typing, no shorthand

If Barbara Amiel knew her Haldigger she would realize mankind always "leaps before it looks," that being the case was one of action in *Shogun* from the Left and Back to the Right (Feb. 18), her criticism of Lévy on time and other chosen grounds betrays a fundamental unfamiliarity with a host of philosophical concepts that would have helped her review of her book. The reviewer's vocabulary is sadly unequal to its task, and a certain prejudice is exhibited toward any terminology which might have proved adequate. The phrase "impenetrable French academic prose" begs appeal to a surely inappropriate standard: our banal, colonial English. "McLachlan's age" may be appropriate phraseology for a television talk-show, but it hardly serves as a suitable shorthand for intellectual tendencies in any serious forum. The selection of the phrase "New Right" over the more acceptable *Nouveau Philosophes* or *New Philosophers* was a serious error. There is indeed a New Right movement, but Lévy is not one of its spokesmen. He is instead part of a discernible tradition which regards the follies of left and right as equally repugnant.

MARK KENNEDY, TORONTO



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Canadian News

'79 in '79'—what price glory?

When Alberta Premier Peter W. Lougheed took his election writ to Ralph Steinhauser, the lieutenant-governor checked March 14 on his calendar, studied the weather outside the window and concluded: "Yes, Peter, I think Albertans are hardly enough." Voters, saved by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau from a federal election in the slack and icy, may be able to make it to the provincial polls, but 335 candidates battling for Alberta office are having it less easy. NDP leader Grant Notley barely escaped unscathed on a stretch of the Yellowhead Highway where three related accidents have already died* when his car skidded out of control in blowing snow. The day before, Notley's plane had to abort a landing at

Drumheller, 80 miles west of Edmonton, when a snowstorm appeared on the runway. Even in the relatively protected cities, candidates have been finding it tough sledding in an unusually bitter February. Liberal leader Nark Taylor's pocket tape recorder has been frostbite-wild during his door-to-door rounds, everyone else has been complaining about pressing the flesh at —30°C.

At stake, in a campaign abbreviated to four weeks from six by the new Election Act, are 79 seats. In the 1975 campaign, also conducted during March, Lougheed's Conservatives took 69 out of the then 76 seats and about 60 per cent of the popular vote. The Tories' unofficial slogan this year is "79 in '79", echoing the Social Credit's 63 in '69 (they got 40 that year). But unlike any other governments 20 years, half of the cabinet, have retired, redistribution has anticipated one rural riding and added five more city constituencies, and

more than 100,000 new voters have become Albertans since the last election.

This time, the twin bogymen of Ontario and Quebec are gone, although strong provincial rights aren't being forgotten. Instead, the four parties have been concentrating on who can best, or most quickly, spend the province's \$4.7-billion Heritage Savings Trust Fund, which is expected to grow to \$14 billion by 1985. "The bidding war for votes," as Taylor dubart, has been unopposed since Social Credit's "Fanny Money" brazenism of 1982, but the stakes are much larger. The Opposition's \$20-a-month program has been upped, by the Conservatives, to \$500 a head in a federal \$1-billion grant to municipalities that could cut property taxes by 10 to 20 per cent. The Tories also threw \$250 million to urban transportation, about \$25 million to the handicapped and \$500 million to leaving. They have also promised to slash small business corporate tax to five per cent, lowest in the coun-

*Main line, minister of agriculture (200), Norman Wilkison, minister of lands and forests (195), and Les Ferry, minister of transport and utilities, all were killed in traffic accidents on Highway 11 west of Edmonton.

try (neighbour British Columbia is 12 per cent).

The records have remained by agreement to all that need more of they are allowed to take control of the gray train. They would eliminate income tax for three-quarters of Alberta taxpayers, provide free dental care for the young and old, give for extra chip loans and help the elderly have themselves with a \$3-million program. The tier piled in with \$300 million to farmers, \$50 million to small businesses, \$50 million to native enterprises, \$2 billion to transportation and a \$200 credit to taxpayers earning under \$25,000. The Liberals added a carve to the Heritage Savings Trust Fund. They would liquidate it and convert the savings account to a fund of \$100 million in the ground, stored for future use, along with current tax cuts and lifetime mortgages that would give farmers land for the price of the interest half the prime rate. The program, not incidentally, is being a provision that's already the least taxed in Canada.

Lougheed's campaign style has been to smother the Opposition on all issues—he has often refused to debate challenges. After Lougheed's biography by Allan Hazke released, the campaign looked off, attributes that rebuffed to Lougheed's own career in debasing former premier Ernest Manning in 1967. Hazke, who admits he searched no politicians, traces Lougheed's wrongs to his obsession with maintaining the family name tarnished after the death of his grandfather, Senator James Lougheed. Lougheed's father, Edgar, was a drinker, possibly, squandered away the family's \$1.5-million legacy.

By appealing to the dispossessed (farmers, small businesses, natives) and the dispossessed (labor, police services), the vice thrives it can land the role of official Opposition. Still, the sole power in the legislature, one hope for his party in northern ridings and would be content with an seats. Secord leader Bob Clark, riding a motor home that he reported, has returned the Lougheed, in trying to hang on to his Opposition position. If he doesn't increase Secord representation from four to 11 seats, he has no intent. "I'll have to resume my leadership." Puffing up in the Liberal, who have been driven themselves from the federal Liberals since the last election but who still live in terror of what Trudeau will say next, since the distortion is just an many voters. Their, leading his side nowhere from outside the legislature, predicts his party will never succeed in the popular vote, adding wisely that his party could do that and still not win a seat.

SEYMOUR ZWISLOCK



The Nation

Covering all the bases

Conservative energy critic Allan Lawrence had perhaps the most appropriate response to last week's long-awaited National Energy Board report on natural gas. He simply cancelled his press conference, scheduled for 15 minutes, after the release and said nothing. Later he explained that the report was "not of consequence."

Lawrence was not alone in his assessment. Rarely has a report that was so broad, anticipated drama such as cabinet reaction. Energy Minister Allan Gillespie declared no comment for 24 hours to give him time to consult with his cabinet colleagues. Petroleum executives huddled all that night and into the next day before issuing cautious, guarded statements. The money market was just as confused as the dollar first bounced up three-quarters of an ounce, then dropped again, during the week as it settled at 15. Only one leader, Bill Broadbent, seemed aware of his ground: the shrill assessment: "It [the report] is... responsible and burdens on consumers."

The report was harsh, that it was a skillfully worded document that covered all the bases and left the NDP's major critics with little to shoot at.

The NDP's findings that there is an exportable surplus of natural gas in Canada, despite widespread criticism. But the board found that the surplus amounted to just two trillion cubic feet—little more than one year's supply in Canada. That was much less than the petroleum industry had hoped for. In particular, it is half as much as is needed to justify construction of the southern portion of the proposed Alaska Highway gas pipeline, the financially troubled project that was supposed to bring Canada 100,000 jobs. (To get the project off the ground, the pipeline backers have proposed building the northern portion first and using it as an export Canadian gas until the northern portion is completed and the connection made to Alaskan gas. That is the so-called "pre-build" option and it is generally believed at least four trillion cubic feet of gas must be available for export to justify it.)

When Gillespie met the cabinet the day after the report's release, the stage was set for a three-way fight over its findings. Gillespie is aware the government to assign the highest priority not to exports but to the extension of the trans-Canada gas pipeline east from Montreal to service new customers in Quebec and the Maritimes, now solely dependent on foreign oil for fuel. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien wanted to export gas, however, to prop up the Canadian dollar. And Deputy Prime Minister Allan Rock, who is responsible for construction of the Alaska Highway pipeline, wanted the export committed to the "pre-build" option.

After the meeting, Gillespie told the House of Commons the cabinet had agreed to export gas but to use the profits to subsidize the eastward extension

Trudeau and Carter in the Oval Office, a little something buried in the communique.

of the trans-Canada pipeline. That represented a real compromise between Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Chrétien, but appeared to leave MacEachern out in the cold.

The Trudeau case to the rescue. At a news conference in Washington with President Jimmy Carter—hostile, rescheduled to fit in between Carter's meetings with Israeli's Menachem Begin—Trudeau agreed to "seek ways whereby, say, additional gas exports could fund Alaska transit construction" of the Alaska Highway pipeline. That commitment appeared to put "pre-build" back in contention and further confuse the situation.

In addition, buried in the communique issued by Trudeau and Carter, was a brief reference to "the matter of a delivery system" to transport Alaskan oil to the United States. Alaskan oil is now shipped to the "lower 48" American states by tanker, some making the north trip through the Panama Canal to the Gulf of Mexico. One of the alternative delivery systems discussed by Trudeau and Carter was an oil pipeline parallel to the proposed gas pipeline along the Alaska Highway and through Canada. While no final decision was taken by Trudeau and Carter, that pipeline is a real possibility and observers close to the energy board predict it will be built before a gas pipeline.

But first a raft of regulatory legislation must take place in both countries. Trudeau and Carter agreed the hearings should proceed "in a parallel and timely manner," but they could run into snags. The effect could be to neutralize the potential explosive nature of pipelines and natural gas supplies in the upcoming election campaign. But what ever plans is elected will, soon after, be faced with some difficult decisions in the energy field. *Sam Uppendahl*

Nova Scotia

Things that go bump in the night

Just as all trends are rarely dissimilar, there is a tradition that all men who work the deeps live with and accept. Most miners of the Cape Breton Development Corporation had their apprehensions translated into words, after an explosion last February ripped through the south wall of No. 20 drift in Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, 13 miles out of Sydney. The blast killed 10 miners and sent six others to hospital in Halifax with burns covering 20 to 50 per

cent of their bodies. Doctors late last week were cautiously optimistic that all of the injured will live.

The disaster, the third such wave throughout close-knit industrial Cape Breton, free of any major mining accident since 1982 when seven men died inevitably, the latest tragedy, evokes memories of 1850 and 1905 when 29 and 35 men, respectively, lost their lives at Springfield, Nova Scotia.

Course of the explosion at 4:20 a.m. Friday came expert Doug Shedd at Glace Bay, looking down to the bed of the



Saturday, is still under investigation by a team of Canadian and British mining experts. United Mine Workers International President Arnold Miller flew in from Washington to meet the investigation has been hampered because the only eyewitnesses are the six survivors in Halifax Hospital. Almost certainly, however, the cause of the explosion was that lack of methane gas, always present to some degree in coal mines.

The miners who first reached the scene and there were five visible clues to what happened. "Except for the dust and injured living around, you would never know anything had happened," one miner said. The whole incident was probably over in 10 seconds. A side of one of the injured miners said her husband told her the explosion was "like a ball of fire coming toward me. I put up my hands to protect my face, and that's all I remember." Faulty safety procedures may have been responsible, but no one has made that allegation directly. Shedd, 38, now offered BIL Evans said that in recent weeks safety manuals in the mine had been lost. Evans also said there had been too much as explosives get on production tasks, and he had heard reports of a malfunctioning with the gas-monitoring system to plug it up so that it wouldn't sound an alarm and stop the machinery. "Everything truly has been quiet, and while it has been difficult to get anyone to work on the gas detectors, there's been, both on the part of management and deliver matters, there's no doubt in the mine's mind that education has been taking place," Evans said. Devco means can supplement their average \$300 million in sales by as much as \$80 since a shift's production exceeds 6,000 tons. This human system has created a fierce competitive spirit to extract coal at the expense of safety.

No 20 was hit last week the following Monday, but, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Glace Bay's 25,000 residents dined out and burned their coal. It was a poignant reminder that the price of coal is measured in lives as well as dollars. *Vivian Merckx*

Newfoundland

Looking over a nine-leaf clover

St. Patrick's Day in Newfoundland is a noisy celebration, primarily because the Irish are the largest portion of the province's population. This year, however, delegates to the March 17 Progressive Conservative leadership convention in St. John's will



Peckford (left) and Doody in rare chance.

have to go slow on the green beer and the dusty business of picking a successor to retiring Premier Frank Miller is settled. With a rare candidate thrusting after the job—a rare opportunity, since the new leader automatically becomes premier—several ballots are expected to push the convention well beyond the dinner break.

Top candidates are undoubtedly C. William Doody, who leads the cabinet development portfolio in education, and the minister of mines and energy, Brian Peckford. Doody essentially represents the "old guard" within the party, although he is an expert in a healthy amount of support from the younger, progressive factions. Peckford is more

progressive than conservative. His optimistic vision of the province's glowing future are likely to attract support from the younger and less structured elements of the party.

Another strong candidate is Walter Carter, minister of fisheries, who may have the most popular appeal—but much of that rests with fishermen, who view Carter as a devoted link to what is beginning to look like a perennial resurgence in the Newfoundland fish industry. And fishermen don't usually put aside their nets to attend political conventions. Like Barry, a former cabinet member who lost his seat in the 1975

general election to Liberal Pat Cooney, is given an outside chance. But Barry's absence from the active political scene the past 10 years, and from the province—his teaching law at Dalhousie University in Halifax—has stunted an major comeback. In diminishing order, bringing up the rear, come Ed Maynard, minister of forestry and agriculture, James MacKay, minister of tourism, P.V. Hickey, minister of housing, Dorothy Wyatt, mayor of St. John's, and Kenneth Prowse, T.I., a former from Deer Lake who is vague about his campaign but says he doesn't plan on spending a lot of money.

Whoever wins inherits a mixed bag of opportunity and trouble. The premier will come to power with a solid majority in the house of assembly (30 rics, 20 Liberals, one independent) at the present count of Newfoundland's Golden Age. The fisheries boom is deemed sure to become one of the economic mainstays of the province. Minerals and other natural resources, properly exploited for the first time, are expected to create good jobs, while offshore gas and oil may enable Newfoundland to switch to the contributing side of the equalization payment ledger. At once, however, the new leader also gets to cope with the findings of the Mahoney Royal Commission, which is investigating past spending by the department of public works (the allegations have caused two former cabinet ministers to resign). There are moral constraints in land claims and social practices, and a new one on information leaks in the media. The latter, with its threat of recommended legislation to control publication of information "classified by the Crown as confidential," could limit the minister's demands for a speedy election, giving the new boss a rough start indeed.

Robert Flackin

Make that three founding nations

Enthralled by the slow progress at their land claim settlements and facing slowest rate in the cost-benefit north-west political (political) talks, two major native groups join above the 60th parallel will discuss an Ottawa March 15 to call for a deal of their own—namely to dig a soul for their rights in any new Canadian charter. Presiding such a role will be a significant step toward for this country's newcomers who have had a long dark record of internal squabbling. About 40 leaders representing Yukon Indians and the Gwich'in Nation—five tribes from the Mackenzie Valley—have agreed

to present local officials with a joint presentation. Only the most typical national setting, some 27,000 natives, is a self-funded support for the funding committee. Ministers has warned that the Yukon Gwich'in position, per will reject as much the notion of two founding nations in Canada and add native peoples in the first foundation (left in only conventional reading) of the.

This current debate is not legal until we can participate: the brief will state it will also call for the natives' right to political self-determination in setting land claims. Following the Ottawa talks, the Indians intend to divide into two camps: one favoring 87 Canadian cities and towns to speak interest in their cause.

The northern campaign arrives at a time when the Yukon had lost the Dave McNeil to both sides over their land claims

negotiations. Other out at an end and funding in 1975 until the Gwich'in could visit and their opinions with a majority of those who occupy part of the Mackenzie Valley. And the Yukon Indians' focus of land use in the development of the Yukon Indian government kept getting involved. Our position is that the talks should be strictly between Ottawa and our selves, says Yukon Native Negotiator David Porter. We are afraid of having two fights on our minds.

No matter how the United Yukon Gwich'in is presented, resolving land claim negotiations by using constitutional means, contradicting the pact of such a much like employing a knife to cut a nail—a sharp edge solution is hard.

PREVIEW



Ottawa

A nod is as good as a wink

Ever since the Supreme Court of Canada, a year ago, quashed the conviction of Delia Hutt—a Vancouver prostitute charged with soliciting after she climbed into an unmarked police car and tried to seduce him for \$10 to uncover after—bookmarks have happily been reaping the spoils. The court ruling, a 5-to-3 decision, made two points clear that soliciting must be "persistent and pressing," which Hutt's case was deemed not to be, and that a car is not a "public place," as defined by the law. Since then, street prostitutes have undoubtedly been moving from the busy back streets of cities like Vancouver, Edmonton and Toronto to battle on prominent downtown business corners.

The federal government, in an effort to sort out the problem, tried to rush through a bill last week that would have let the prostitute hand by handing that a woman could be charged with soliciting if she approached a potential client with a wink, eye smile or a few suggestive words in a public place, including a car. The proposed legislation made soliciting illegal for male prostitutes, as well. All-party approval seemed guaranteed, and the Liberals hoped the bill would pass last Monday the very day it was introduced in the House. But passage was stalled by New member Stuart Leggett, who proposed an amendment that would charge pro-

stituted customers too. "There has been a lot of male chauvinism in the way we've approached this whole matter so far," he says. Vancouver civil libertarians and women's groups also objected to the bill. Says Peggy Mason, an outspoken Ottawa leader representing the National Association of Women and the Law: "They want to go back to the old days when police had a list of prostitutes and they could round them up whenever they wanted." The bill must now go to a Commons committee and second reading for debate because of such objections.

In Vancouver, which is fast turning a

George Strait looks back: 'What they gonna do? But me for lookin' pretty?'

reputation as the hooker capital of Canada, Mayor Jack Vooch, who is warring an anti-prostitution, anti-sex campaign, was naturally antsy about by the bill's introduction. So was Vancouver police chief Don Winterhous, whose force has not had a single soliciting charge for almost a year. "This business of prostitution," he says, "means that we can one day deal with street prostitution by means of arrests." And in Toronto, where hookers work "The Truck" between Church and Sherbourne Streets in a narrow alleyway, Police Chief Harold Adams hopes the legislation will at least end down on the trade, although he admits nothing will clean up prostitution entirely. "I just hope it gets through quickly," he says. "It's just terrible the amount of energy we have to expend on this problem."

The prostitute, meanwhile, are getting understandably nervous about losing work that keeps them as much as \$1,000 a week in downtown Vancouver. There, last week on George Street, where the women raise up in any slow-moving male to ask if he would like a little company, one female made-up hooker confessed to *American*, "I feel I'm a whore." "What if you're a prostitute? If someone said you could be thrown in jail for asking a question—or even just asking the way might want to ask a question?" Another girl, standing at the foot of a street, replied more definitively: "I don't want to be a prostitute. They can't stop me from walking the streets. What they gonna do? But me for lookin' pretty?" For prostitutes who haven't heard the news, however, business went on as usual last week and a couple's questions were just as relevant. As one blonde in a black leather coat blazed rapidly, "I sell pussy, not options."

Julianne Labrecque/Robert Stull

Two for the price of three

It was supposed to be the Year of the Strike in Canada as the country's trade unions, unbroken after three years of wage-price controls, would burst forth with huge pay demands and walk off the job to support them. The assumed inflation, with an \$1,350,000 of them, were supposed to lead the way. Instead, the 50,000 "nonoperating" rail workers—classified and union-member—stayed—quietly—settled with their employers last week without a strike, and the rest are expected to do the same.

The settlement is not as wildly optimistic as it sounds. True, the "non-operating" did get a 10-per-cent raise in the first year of the contract—well above last year's average settlement of 6.6 per cent and an apparent violation of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's oft-repeated wage guidelines. But the 15,000 B.C. (Canada) clerical workers got more (12.5 per cent) as did 41,000 supermarket employees (11.4 to 11.1 per cent). And to get 10 per cent this year, the rail workers have agreed to a 10 per cent reduction that looks them into increases of just



Bill Kelly, another player in the cop

The settlement was another piece in the already well-lubricated deal of Bill Kelly, assistant deputy minister of labor. Kelly, a former rail worker turned mediator, spent a week moving between the railways and the five unions representing the non-oil sector. The railways first offered a three-year contract with consecutive pay increases of seven per cent, six per cent and six per cent. The unions wanted roughly twice as much in a two-year contract. But, by the time Kelly sat them down together in Montreal last week, the gap had narrowed considerably. After almost eight hours

of bargaining, they had a settlement, with the union agreeing to accept a three-year contract as long as it included a 10-per-cent hike in the first year. The contract still must be ratified by the workers, a cumbersome process with five unions and 50,000 members involved. But they foresee no resistance.

Other major union contracts are up for renegotiation in 1979, including the West Coast loggers' union, Quebec government employees, and B.C. roadworkers and the Canadian labor scene could be severely strike-bound as predicted. But the rail workers' settlement has eased concerns that strikes would be the rule rather than the exception. **Lee Ungchert**

eight per cent in each of the last two years. Communist federal Labor Minister Martin O'Donnell, "While [the settlement] would appear high, one has to consider the value to the economy of having stability for three years. And that's a big advantage."

Fiery cocktails for the bank set

A nose-bleeding premonition of a bad day for the bank set on the floor of a party-burned-out bank in some evidence of an increasingly stormy evening of Vancouver's bank set. On the 15th of October, the bank set of the Bank of Commerce branch on Vancouver's Main Street will be filled with a mix of bank and a clumsy conductor. Molotov cocktails were hurled at 10:40 in the fire-alarmed which have been directed at restaurants, shopping and street banks. Several were rejected and the bank opened in their days. But Vancouver authorities fear the Molotov Bomber is coming. The Commerce attack was the 15th fire bombing in their city. Vancouver police said with increased bombing the bomber has no come, priority and backed up a special bomber task force to an estimated 14 police and fire department investigators.

The bank was again alerted during the day before the Commerce attack, when two police-led battalions were hurried through windows of a house containing down sleeping people who were saved only by the fact that a possibly investigating law enforcement the first to enter-leave in the result of a capital arrest. Taped from Vancouver police, a radioed line only seven of the attacks to the original bomber had have begun to



Inspector Don Sharma checks damage to the bomber in No. 1 on the coast.

speculate, since most of them have been directed against banks and government of forces about a radical conspiracy. Based on current information, says a government inspector, the bank set is now looking at a gross of groups. "Scowling on the side of a Pearl Harbor bombing in January [DNE STOP NO DEPORT] union re-

cently have turned the speculation.

By week 4 and the fire incidents jumped to 17. In police reports, the first began to London. On Saturday morning, Vancouver coast detained two young suspects after a witness reported two men taking a Molotov cocktail through a bank window. F.B.I. authorities hoped the police will supply a first negative answer to the Vancouver. Canada's question, who's who?

Thomas Hopkins

Greed vs. need: cashing in on an expensive Western habit

By William Louthier

If the Western world didn't believe there was an oil crisis before, it now now be convinced. At the end of a week that saw some of the world's top oil producing nations ending in a temporary shortage of oil from Iran, the global energy outlook had turned ugly. Iran and it seemed certain that the cost of gas in the U.S. and elsewhere would rise by around 25 per cent in the next 12 months.

In a desperate effort to head off an even more severe spiral, 19 key countries, including Canada, agreed in Paris to cut oil consumption by five per cent this year. The decision was taken by the International Energy Agency (IEA) in the hope that an immediate fall in demand would persuade the 15 nations Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) from further oil price hikes when it meets at a ministerial session in Geneva on March 26.

It is up to each individual country to decide just how it will apply the cut. Canada, which imports oil only for its eastern provinces, will probably make up the difference by jumping more of its own oil in the first instance. But Canada will probably have to pay more for their fuel, one way or another eventually (see box opposite).

Elsewhere, the painful truth was that however the cuts were made they would slow national growth and increase the chances of recession. The European Community's energy commissioner, Guido Brunner, said last week that member countries will have to pay an extra \$10 billion for oil imports in 1979 following the latest price increases. This would mean a 30- to 35-per-cent increase in Europe's oil bill, rather than



Carter with Scheninger if they didn't believe there was an oil crisis before.

the 14.5 per cent decided in December by OPEC nations.

Continuity growth would be slowed by one per cent this year. But that, said Brunner, was only a forecast of what was in store. He reckoned that by 1980 there would be new energy supply problems demanding far more stringent measures.

Back in the U.S., President Jimmy

Carter had already asked Congress for steady authority to impose oil conservation measures. He wants, and will probably get, the right to close gas stations on weekends, force people to live in slightly cooler homes and work places, and ban outdoor commercial lighting.

He also wants stability in energy markets and, while he may say officially, there have been strong hints from some energy bureaucrats that the rationing plan now being considered would allow each car owner to buy 10 gallons of gas a week at regular prices and extra supplies at a cost of at least twice and perhaps three times the prevailing rate.

Regular loaded gas now costs 67.4 cents a gallon (there's has 128 ounces). Canada's has 104 in the United States, unloaded 71.5 and premium 73.7. OPEC increases announced at the beginning of this year will add about 7.5 cents to a

Kawit delegates at OPEC conference, the global energy outlook went. World's energy



galien of oil ended in the next few months. Otherwise we'll go up proportionally. On top of that, a new U.S. Department of energy pricing formula, devised last week to help cut consumption, will add about 13¢ to cents to a gallon over the next year. Hence Energy Secretary James Schlesinger's much publicized forecast last week of \$1 a gallon for unleaded gas.

All these come about because the prospect of getting more cash while actually producing less oil has been too much for some countries, in mid-Petroleum. Also, OPEC and OPEC oil states reveal of price increases by announcing a seven per cent surcharge above the board on their oil production. That's more money sent as much as 30 per cent more while Kuwait, last week, temporarily increased prices by 9.50 per cent. A day later Venezuela was reported to have upped its by 15 per cent.

Saudi Arabia's Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani said recently that his country would refuse from raising prices now and would also its traditional isolationist role at the March 30 OPEC meeting. He believed the recent increase by

other OPEC members would "never be incorporated in the price structure as it was decided by OPEC last December."

But by the end of last week, nearly 30 per cent of OPEC's total oil production carried a surcharge and some prices in Washington felt that the next OPEC meeting would raise prices ten per cent across the board. That would add a further \$1.20 a barrel to prevailing world crude oil prices—or roughly three cents a U.S. gallon to the price of gas.

And the gloom, however, there was a glimmer of a glimmer of a suggestion that the wheels of the world were not grinding to a halt. It came from the rarefied atmosphere of Washington's "resources for the future" think tank. Dr. Milton Russell, one of America's leading energy experts, said that in the

longer run, say five years, the price of oil would be no higher than it would have been if the Iranian crisis had not occurred. The current problems had merely telescoped price hikes—and the law of supply and demand meant there would be "no opportunity for increases in the future."

Russell, vague from now, he said, people "wouldn't find the transportation sector of our society very much different. There would probably be a move to smaller cars and people might find living downtown "more attractive." But on the whole, "the price" drove much less than they do now. "Cheering words but there was a postscript: "Of course, all of this is surrounded by large bands of uncertainty," said Russell. "I might be wrong." □



Pump running at a Calgary gas station pay the attendant, or pay the toll man.

meted \$740 million in the next 12 months.

That figure, however, assumes that OPEC's prices are agreed in December will have gradually to about \$14.50 U.S. more than \$17 a Canadian barrel this year. For every dollar oil production prices rise above that level, the federal treasury will have to pay another \$100 million in subsidies. If the oil producers' price reach an average of \$20 U.S. more than \$20 in Canadian funds and the price which the buyers may they will be raising the world oil cost the treasury an additional \$500 million (last year a full year).

Such a hike would put pressure on the government, which is committed to holding down its spending and worried about the risk of de facto to shift the burden from the taxpayer to the consumer by allowing the Canadian price of oil to rise. By agreement between Ottawa and Alberta, the price of a Canadian barrel of oil is already scheduled to increase from \$12.75 to \$13.75 on July 1 and to \$14.75 on Jan. 1, 1980. But that agreement was agreed last

December—before the recent rash of price hikes—and Alberta may press for more.

Should it do so, Ottawa can be expected to resist—a substantial rise in the price of gasoline would seriously help Pierre. Minister Pierre Trudeau to gain re-election—at least until after a federal vote. After that, the pressure for price rises may prove insurmountable. Alberta's prospects apart, Canada is controlled by the world's International Energy Agency to reduce consumption by five per cent and higher prices are a way of persuading people to economize.

There are nevertheless some other things in the line of clouds. Canada is already well past at least a temporary competitive advantage over its American counterparts, which is not protected into price increases. And development of the Alberta tar sands, exploration for gas and oil in the Arctic and Newfoundland, construction of the Alaska Highway pipeline and extension of the Trans Canada gas pipeline further west—all at high-speed growth—all at once a boost to the price of oil is also high.

Las Urgueta

The U.K.

A resounding 'maybe' for British devolution

In the old fishing village of St. Cuthbert, the windows all look toward the granite gables face the North Sea to protect the cottages from the wind. Here, isolated and isolated on the northeastern shoulder of Scotland, the seat of power in Westminster is further away than miles can measure. Here, for decades, nationalists have been grumbling in Gaelic about the "toony" to the south. Last week, when the villagers were given the chance to vote for a measure of home rule—their own assembly in Edinburgh—for the first

The SNP's Henderson, whatever the odds means, the Scots still want independence

time since 1977, one might have expected a resounding "Yes." Instead the villagers, like most of Scotland's 5.5 million people, could only mutter "Maybe."

At the polling station in Devolution Day, local headmaster Victor Johnston frowned, pulled on his mustache and said for most of them: "Well, I'm a true Scot. I've got Scots' pride. But I've got loyalty to my Queen. First I decided 'Yes,' then 'No.' Either way I know I won't be happy."

Scotland's tortuous dilemma was more than evident in the final vote—38 per cent for home rule is a majority, but well below the controversial 40-per-cent



VOTE YES!

Last-minute voter near an Edinburgh polling station: no vote-world solution



minimum needed, 31 per cent against while 30 per cent just stayed home. In Wales, a similar offer was rejected overwhelmingly, leading Welsh Secretary John Morris to say: "When you are an elephant on your donkey you know it is there. This is a defeat, but not clear."

But while Scots argue over their non-decision, it is Prime Minister Jim Callaghan who is faced with the impossible task of integrating what they really want. The vote was a crushing blow to his recently Labour government, which dreamed up the devolution scheme to offset the growth of the independence bent Scottish Nationalist Party—Nas as they are called—but which failed miserably in selling it. Just before the devolution vote, Callaghan, talking about the chances of his calling a general election, told the nation he would "see it through until autumn." But when Parliament resumes this week he may find himself forced into an early poll. His is now obliged to order the repeal of the devolution acts, but he will be under strong pressure to ignore the 40-per-cent rule and push ahead with the assembly anyway. If he does, he faces the defection of about a dozen Labour MPs—possibly enough to

Ottawa's finger on the oil scales

Although Canada imports 500,000 barrels of oil a day (about 35 per cent of its needs), Canadian consumers are not fully protected from new increases in prices dictated by oil-producing nations. But the price will be paid by at least some of those same consumers as taxpayers because the federal government subsidizes imported oil in the few critical provinces to bring the price down to the same level as the others, where Canadian oil is rarely available.

The subsidies began during the 1973-74 energy crisis when the federal government—under pressure from the size which had the balance of power—decided that there should be one price for oil across Canada and that it should be lower than the world price. But oil imported from Canada into the United States was sold at the world price level with the federal government's guarantee of the difference and step it to subsidize the import of oil in Eastern Canada.

Initially, there was a real balance between the amount exported to the U.S. and the amount imported in Eastern Canada. But the subsidy to Eastern Canada was in effect paid by consumers in the U.S. But lately exports have declined to about 175,000 barrels a day (and the total of imports and the federal treasury has made up the difference. This will be est-

bring the government down. If he doesn't, the Nats—with 11 members and 36 per cent of the Scottish vote—will withdraw their support. As Douglas Henderson, 300 member for East Aberdeenshire, put it: "They've made an undertaking. We won't let them off the hook."

Indeed, contrary to the hopes of Whitehall, Scotland isn't about to wake up from its devolution dream. Even as the pre-vote poll showed the "Yes" vote plummeting—a well-aid "No" campaign told it—only a reliable poll was revealing that 68 per cent of Scots still want some form of home rule. What they rejected was a "monstrous" act that would have meant more money (£55 million a year for the cost of the assembly), more bureaucracy (another 1,000 civil servants) and less influence still at Whitehall. The handling of real problems—unemployment, unemployment and slow industrial development—would still have been in London.

The climate disaster was that people were asked to vote with a simple "Yes" or "No" on the merits of a highly complicated, quirky division of powers that had none to do with politics than nationalism.

That the task was impossible if not unfair was clear throughout. While celebrities were asked to declare themselves (Simon Cowell was for, Kate was against) the average Scot kept mum. The vote merely confirmed deeply felt divisions of age and class. The young and working class were for taking a risk. The older and middle-class were not. Even more evident was the countryside's distrust for the Glasgow-dominated region of Strathclyde, which would have had 70 out of 156 seats in the new assembly. As one four old Scot put it: "You could expect a lot better from London than Glasgow."

The political and emotional middle is, however, a bonus for the SNP which until recently looked as if it had peaked. The party's failure last year to win three likely parliamentary by-elections served merely to harden traditional English insensitivity which will now grate harder on Scottish nerves.

Inevitably against it, the 50-year-old Henderson, a former management consultant, recalls with anger that when the Nats first arrived to take up their break in the House, Tory members pointed to each other: "A Tory woman sat on my knees, jolting me with her elbows," he recalls. "Neither party wants us there." His voice must seem very persuasive still to many of his countrymen when he adds: "I just want a Scotland that is my country. It's only got nothing to do with economics. If we were down to our last crust of bread I'd still want to be independent."

Angela Ferrante

Spain

Charm and footwork get the vote—but only just

The showman's night knew some straight out of a Tvee production in October. To the swelling music of a specially composed song, Spain's sleekly handsome Premier Felipe Solana made a dramatic entrance at an eve-of-poll rally in Madrid last week. Though close to losing his vote after a hectic campaign—arranged only in time for Goya Lloberola's camera—Solana was looking supremely confident as he held 1,300 ecstatic followers. "We are the buffer that prevents another bloody confrontation in Spain,"

politicians' apparent inability to halt terrorism and care the wing economy. Vital decisions have been deferred while Solana has engineered the switch from dictatorship to parliamentary democracy.

They will now have to be taken in the full heat of party rivalry. Socialist leader Felipe Gonzalez's agreement to self-imposed suspension during the period of democratic transition allowed him to bring supporters in his dozens and he also lost votes—many of them going to the Communists (who topped their tally



Sen Sebastian's street riot and Solana, when the Socialists lost, illustrate the jagged

The show-biz style apparently paid off. Early on Friday morning, as the results of Spain's second general election in 40 years came through to his Mendon Palace, Solana learned that his House of the Democratic Centre party (DCA) had surged to victory. At the same time, reflecting investors' relief that a socialist challenge had been averted, of the rules of the Madrid Stock Exchange soared five points.

With 367 seats against the Socialists' 121, though lacking an over-all majority in Congress, the DCA should indeed be able to govern for the next four years. But the support of some small parties (let a clarioning 33-per-cent abstention reflected Spaniards' disillusion with the



of seats by three to 31—by coalition to "presidential," rather than his usual betas, image.

Clearly, charm, the dave of consensus politics, are one. The Socialists will take an aggressive opposition line in future, and the trade unions, too, will be demanding crack measures to ease unemployment, now at 1.2 million (nearly per cent of the work force).

But Solana's biggest headache, as the election results emphasized, is the rising tide of Basque nationalist extremism. Backed by the votes of many newly enfranchised young people, the Herri Batasuna (People's Unity), a coalition which supports the violent struggle for Basque independence, began its bid. Basque NP guerrillas, armed three seats while more moderate Basque nationalist parties last ground or stood still.

The ETA terrorists are sworn to continue a campaign of violence until the 2.3 million Basques are given the right to self-government and control of their own police and armed forces.

Despite the presence of 81,000 policemen on patrol, the four Basque provinces are virtually in a state of siege at times. The ETA, patroned after the 1978 grand liberation movement, and the Vascos, numbers both the great (former premier Carrero Blanco, in 1973) and small (scores of politicians) among its victims.

In the style of the Irish Republican Army, it robs and extorts money to pay its war. Several Basque cities have fled the Basque country to escape its prevailing situation and even the police chief in San Sebastian has asked for a transfer because of threats on his life.

Name of this lends much credence to the view of San Sebastian's civil governor, Antonio Guebara, that a political solution will be reached which will isolate the extremists and allow the police to wipe them out. The ETA, for one, does not accept that the government really wants to change things. "How can there be a political solution when the same reactionary forces hold the real power in Madrid?" scoffs a young Herri Batasuna candidate, just out of jail. "The government puts over a different image, but almost daily the police still torture people in the basement of the civil governor's own building."

Basque moderates are ready to negotiate a solution. But the danger exists that ETA's campaign, encouraged by the election results, will turn the Basque country, already a threat to Spain's integrity as a nation and a sore point with the military, into another Ulster. To avoid such a situation, and justify Solana's eve-of-poll bid, Madrid will have to make concessions quickly.

David Deard

The U.S.

Mona Lisa cracks a smile

She is said, like Mona Lisa, never to crack a smile. But Jane Margaret Byrne, at 44, broke that rule last week after triumphing over her opponent, Mayor Michael Bilandic and the remnants of the Richard Daley electoral machine in Chicago's Democratic primary. Her victory was, probably the first in 30 years by a candidate who looked official party support, the end of that once formidable vote-getting institution. It also means that Chicago will almost certainly elect its first female mayor on April 3, when Byrne takes as a likelihood Republican candidate in a one-sided contest.

As the results were announced, Byrne was on the message table at a beauty parlor and couldn't take a call of congratulations from Vice-President Walter Mondale. But she had earned her relaxation. The election battle was thought to be a "mission impossible" even for the strong-willed lady who, as a commissioner of consumer sales, weights and measures, once accused tax drivers of being tardy, and forced them to swerve up with uniforms.

Byrne did, however, have one big ally last month's Chicago blizzard. Bilandic failed to clear the streets and public discontent swept him away. Said Byrne: "It opened the eyes, as the people could see for themselves that the administration of this city is filled with favoritism, cronyism and politics."

Basically, Byrne was a graduate of the machine herself. With Daley as her mentor she grew up in the system under

Byrne and Cleveland Mayor Kucinich, who was on this message table at the time



which Chicago was divided into tight-knit wards with "chambers" for nearly every street. The chambers got the vote out and the streets got their garbage collected. But there had been serious cracking cracks in the machine since Daley's death in 1976 and Byrne's victory probably strips it of its power for good. She has said she intends to run as open, reforming administration which sets to it that every taxpayer gets the services he, or she, pays for.

It was a week for last cases. As Byrne was spurring the primary odds in Chicago, Cleveland's Mayor Dennis (The Messia) Kucinich, who survived a recall vote last August by just 200 votes, was winning a resounding vote of confidence in two referendums, one giving him power to raise taxes, the other to let Cleveland keep its debt-ridden utility company.

Somewhat the voters just overlooked that under Kucinich's past years there have been fights in the council chamber, the police chief has resigned, city employees have been laid off galore and, of course Cleveland has gone bankrupt. It now looks as if Kucinich could even win re-election next year and last week he was gearing up to strip the state of Ohio to preserve "the sacred concept of home rule."

William Lawther



'Act of despair' in the jungle

The hunting overhauled began just after 8 a.m. as recruits were beginning their first training in the rough bush camp outside Lusa in eastern Angola. But guerrillas of Joshua Nkomo's wing of the Patriotic Front realized too late last week that the five lumbering Galtiers bombers flying low overhead were not friendly—and, while the standard guerrillas stood looking at the sky, the planes unleashed their bombs.

The operation was a risky one. The Lusa camp was about 200 miles inland, Angola, or some 550 miles from the inside Rhodesian border—a long haul for the good planes. The trip meant overfly-



A Rhodesian carries wreckage of an Air Rhodesia plane crash, the threat of Mico.

ing roughly 370 miles of Zambezi air space, leaving British-supplied Rapier anti-aircraft missiles there and, once inside Angola, there was the constant

danger of retaliation by Angola's squadrons of much faster Soviet MiGs.

Yet the attack succeeded: 190 people were killed and 597 injured, according to an Angolan press release. More significantly, the Rhodesians had made it clear that they were willing to risk new dangers to hold off new guerrilla incursions.

The Rhodesian government had long known about the Angolan base, believed to be Nkomo's most sophisticated training school, but until recently the political and military dangers were too great to strike. An attack on Angolan territory risked triggering the long-dreaded intervention of Cuban forces into the on-and-off war and also risked killing any remnants of interest among presidents of the five neighboring black "frontline" states for a peaceful settlement under international auspices.

What altered the situation was the downing by a guerrilla rocket of a second Air Rhodesia Venom, killing 60 civilians and growing fears about a new assault at the first one-man, one-vote election next month. After much agonizing, the decision was made if it would boost Angolan morale and hold off guerrilla disruption, go.

Afterward, Angolan authorities called the Rhodesians mere "act of despair," which may not be far off the mark. Rhodesia's multinational, semi-total government is desperate to make its environmental internal settlement work. A health farm at the election now seems to be the only way to do that politically, holding off the guerrillas is the only way militarily.

Others claim the situation is slipping beyond salvation. A new military corridor now asserts runs the full 350-mile stretch between Salisbury and the South African border. South African Airways cancelled its London-bound

stops at Air Salisbury because of the risk to air traffic. A mutual cold-out of police and army reinforcements has been issued for the election period. Hostile along both the Zambian and Mozambique borders have been formed to close because of the mounting dangers of guerrilla attack and 30 per cent of the country now under martial law.

Last Wednesday, at the last session of the white-dominated parliament before the election, Prime Minister Jim Smith boasted that the tide had finally turned and that the new nation of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia would triumph. But the real tone of his message may have been revealed by his anxiety rather than his words. During his half-hour speech, Smith was cracked several times, tears rolling in his eyes.

Robin Wright

India

Requiem for the 'Crown Prince'

Sanyal Gandhi mended his arms and weaved last week the judge ordered him for conspiring and destroying evidence he had helped bring an episode of a movie that he still wanted his mother, former prime minister Indira Gandhi, but also kept him at her bedside. He's known "Crown Prince" who, which ended in March, 1977.

But the uncle was only a hollow reminder of an era when the "Crown Prince of the Nehru dynasty" emerged as one of India's most influential men. Despite his imperious air, in some one part of it, his "understanding political ability." He had no public office, but he had his mother's ear—and his word was enough to influence government decisions or put almost anyone in jail.

There was a price for Sanyal's legitimate pre-eminence, however, and he is paying it now. The 50 years he must still defend evidence he alleged misuse of power and explain to some degree the deep distrust with which millions of Indians of all classes now live.

The business community reeled at the leverage that Sanyal acquired through his supposedly-making money, Maruti Ltd. It is said to have become almost a breach of allegiance for businessmen not to invest in it—and not to display suitable aspirations—although it protested just an unrepresentative refusal. In one of his Sanyal's outraged landowners for the exercise of his alienation drive—he was said to have allegedly demolished private property.

But it was in the villages among the

poor and often offshoot targets of what is now said to be an overreaction to the assassination program that his reputation as a bully was scored. That India's runaway birthrate—32 million new citizens a year—had to be curbed was not disputed. But the reported paying of people to affirm an over-the-hill anarchy, the nation's fearful courtship of "radicals" and the shooting of protesters attracted new stigmas to his reputation.



Sanyal Gandhi only produced six vehicles.

Sanyal's Post-Post Program for India, published with 30 feet, halfheartedly his genius and threatening, after facing the judges, occasionally standing up to challenge quickly the evidence put forward. A special session of the court has been reserved for the Canadian attorney (the first several members of Sanyal's own family, his British attorney Bruce Schepersworth and counsel David Gagnier).

Michael Chappman

Yugoslavia

The long arm of history

It sounds like an unlikely holiday: Jack's nightmare. Last May, Jack Bakich, 66, a retired oil servant from Alberta, returned his Yugoslav for a spring vacation—more than 30 years after emigrating to Canada. Last week, still wearing a light blue suit which he brought from Edmonton, he was standing in a snowbound Montenegrin resort listening to a long procession of witnesses accusing him of war crimes for which, if convicted, he could be sent to death.

The events unfolded in the district court of Titograd, capital of the Yugoslav Republic of Montenegro, took place during the Second World War. But Yugoslavia, but particularly mountainous Montenegro, was then in the throes of a vicious guerrilla war involving German and Italian occupation troops, Marshal Tito's Communist partisans and remnants of the old royalist Serbian army, known as Chetniks.

Bakich has been accused of mistreatment-partisan prisoners of war as Chetnik guard and of committing a firing squad. But, as the five-man bench of judges has been hearing, it was not quite that simple. According to testimony, Bakich's home town of Kalubarda, where he is alleged to have committed the crimes, changed hands nearly 30 times. And Bakich, while he denies, admits that he was at one time associated with the Chetniks, totally rejects the allegations.

The courtroom is austere, but the atmosphere is relaxed. Bakich, a shortish man with glasses and thinning hair, after facing the judges, occasionally standing up to challenge quickly the evidence put forward. A special session of the court has been reserved for the Canadian attorney (the first several members of Sanyal's own family, his British attorney Bruce Schepersworth and counsel David Gagnier).

After each day's proceedings, Bakich is escorted back to the local prison which was built in the 1800s during the Turkish occupation. In his Canadian visitors report that, years come to his eyes as he remembers about Canada. His suit is slightly too large for him now, an indication of the weight he has lost during nine months under arrest.

His lawyer, who has himself come from a second-generation Montenegrin family, says he is impressed by the competence of the chief judge, who plays a much more active role in the proceedings than he has in Canadian courts. He is swayed by the amount of Yugoslav evidence. One witness said "I heard that Bakich was one of the Chetniks who exterminated the prisoners to be executed." But could not remember who told him. He repeated the claim that, which of the evidence has been contradictory and confused. "Different witnesses have described Jack as having been clean-shaven, as having a wisp of a beard, or as having a heavy black beard. It was hard for the judge to give all that the short shirt if it serves."

It is important for Bakich that he should be as if the verdict, which is still several weeks away goes against him, there is not much Canada can do other than to pay the legal costs. Although Bakich is a naturalized Canadian, under Yugoslav law he is subject to the full rigors of local justice. His nightmare, therefore, however salubrious, may still have some time to run. (Michael Dobbs)

Beggars can be choosers

Every spring and every summer for 10 years, Eddie Edele, 57-year-old, has found his way to Washington, D.C. to find a high-tech trigger. He was known as the "Monkey Man" because of Guyana's no-cash cash money, which he carried for pennies from his mother. Eddie was always ready to drive, despite his occupation. He called the Chetniks, he clients and that seemed fitting, for although he worked from a pack of board on wheels outside Rome's Colosseum and in a second apartment above an optician's he was well-known to Washington's elite. His clients included congressmen and senators and Guyana was a gift from the late Welsh MP, a former owner of the 44-carat Hope diamond.

Edele was born in Atlanta, Georgia. He took his job at 10 when he worked under a firm in Washington. He paid off quickly when he working finished and he never asked for money. In fact he was so unorthodox that he was wondered when his clients and other beggars he disappeared from his patch in winter. No one that is except another beggar who went to a local newspaper with a tale about a fortune in Florida. That was years ago. However, and Eddie soon knocked the tumor on the head. He held the estate. If you think begging is such a good life, just by it.

They didn't let Eddie last week. They must have been looking for Eddie last month, age 78, in Florida. Eddie, in fact, he was a brother and two sisters, a Florida house worth \$20,000 in a hospital bed, and a collection of 100,000.

"Monkey Man" Washington: clients included congressmen and a successor of the Hope.

Wash. in Philadelphia, which together \$500,000 in \$400,000 bond—was with Miami, Lynch, and thousands of dollars in banks up and down the country—a grand total of \$1,200,000.

In Florida, in Washington, his clients were supposed to bring Eddie more solid legs and between comfortable home and his own lived like a king. But if the news related some mysterious. That was no minor. So what do you want? said a "New York Times." "What you want is a head and dead in poverty. Is he not thought?"

Catherine Fox



Eddie Edele, 78, in Florida.



Buddies Who Can Spare a Dime

By Roderick McQueen

King and Bay Streets in Toronto. They call it MINT corner. A few towers that are the latter-day children of obscene wealth, home to Canada's Big Five, borders of 90 per cent of the assets held by Canada's 11 chartered banks. There, the Bank of Montreal, Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Nova Scotia, the Toronto Dominion Bank (this MINT), two blocks away, the reflecting obelisks of golden-walled No. 1, the Royal Bank of Canada. No matter that the official headquarters for three are elsewhere—above the sea-level patch the power goes on. The Bank of Montreal's Chief Executive Officer (CEO) William Mulholland spends every Thursday in Toronto away from Montreal's storied 61 James Street, the Royal's money market operations, corporate marketing and investments have come to Toronto, too. But while the power is there, the presence is also elsewhere with 3,007 branches

stretching from frame structures in Newfoundland, past Ontario brick and neoclassic Prairie columns to the redwood and fern plains of British Columbia.

Commerce's Harrison (above), T.D.'s Thomas (below) exudes ease and comfort.



laid. In some 90 countries around the world, Canada's Big Five are in the top 65 in size, setting standards for stability. Then are the keepers of the keys, the bastions of trust, your next-best friend.

Storing within these multinational monies, machines, assets the 150,000 employees and \$300 billion in assets multiplying at an annual rate of 25.7 per cent, with 1978 after-tax profits of \$1 billion (an excess profit tax rumor shook the stock market on Friday) is the noise of proliferating change as pressure builds without and persons wander within. Each of the five men whose fate at the top is watching a bank's bottom line has taken over in the decade. They are Royal's President and CEO Rowland Fraser; Montreal's President and CEO Bill Mulholland; Ross Harrison, chairman and CEO at the Commerce; CIBC's chairman, president and CEO at Scotiabank and Richard Thomson, T.D. chairman and CEO. These five will make banking in their own image in the 1990s.



not only selecting successors to their kingdoms but also choosing the means by which Canadians will communicate using plastic money, magnetic computer tapes, 30 trillion bank accounts and almost two billion cheques annually. They, along with the six other chartered banks, Bank Canadian National and Provincial Bank of Canada (see box, page 37), Mercantile Bank of Canada, Bank of British Columbia, Canadian Commercial and Industrial Bank and Northland Bank, will make the next change themselves because doctrinal remnants of the Bank Act, the governing federal legislation already twice delayed since 1957, will not likely squeeze through Parliament before a federal election call within the month. As written, it would have changed banking little, although it would have at least slugged control on the runaway commercial leasing and loan business of 190 foreign bank affiliates and representative offices doing an estimated \$5 billion in business in Canada under no agency's watchful eye. Additional recommended change, expected from a Commons committee this week, will wait for a new bill in a new Parliament.

The five men each see it as a calling to keep his own bank safe, sound and profitable while beating off competition from trust companies pricing into credit cards, acceptance corporations (like the CIBC changing for bankhood), and the burgeoning growth of credit unions across Canada and across populations in Quebec. They are the kings and logicians of the financial policies who will change the face of Canadian banking and how Canadians deal with their face, these men whose work world is an all-pervading quiet that mutes the tones of speech hovering above the thick, muffling carpets. Behind the wheel is the volatility observed by the very tragicists of their power are the trials of their position. The mystic moments of risk appear to be too few amidst the ceremonial and cerebral chores, but there are enough such chances that, if right, could make a lesser man, if wrong, could break a lesser bank.

There hasn't been a bank failure in Canada since 1923. Only in 1977 demise was but a silver nail for Provincial, only an external burp on the balance sheet. But failure is not the problem, response and responsibility are, as what has been called the exquisite neutrality of bankers comes to an end. The own rule of previous administrations is gone, replaced by a flurry of management systems, computer networks, government regulations, market share.

Fitzke, at Scotiabank, shaking out, shaking up at a network of his own.



professional positioning, and all the business-owners of corporate chink. Banking is about to change again, as irreversibly and as far as it has already come from the quilt pen and the grilled cage. Old feudalism has given way to new freedoms. And now, sudden patterns have been pared into order rules. Here, then, a look at the few who can pass a razor, pivot a career, bank some corporate jockey riding a risky idea and control money. Levers more powerful than most institutions.

Richard Murray Thomson. Respected old Nick Thomson's style, usually, urbane, sometimes upright, buttressed by a Harvard business degree, tipped him toward the top before he was 30. Like an overman, he is, when excited and motivated, as the same, at 42 he looks as if he could both crush the enemy and comfort a friend. In his 11th-floor Toronto office that's big and almost as well-lit as a nighttime tennis court, he is surrounded by Canadian paintings and a sprinkling of faint murals. He speaks softly of his job, placing the glasses on a reversed string. "I love it. We feed on the inside. It's a scabrous exciting thing to be involved in." His self-described team-leader role is to balance market growth with profits and social justice. "We're not a bunch of high wire artists working on an independent act."

With joyful sole involvement in multinational-dollar commercial loans given over to others, he does pleasurable time on the four or five kids cooking at any time with the creative kitchen he en-

The Royal's Prince. The most of men, his life and the bank on evening whole

ducts. While many of the forthrightly board meetings he chairs are mere routine ("It's not a matter of acting up"), substantive discussion on capital formation, attitude toward government regulation or organizational change occurs often enough that "it's a great discipline. You don't want to go to them with a recommendation that hasn't been well thought out." Self-seer automated banking is one area of future heated debate as the last way to extend hours, save customer time and free personnel to offer more products. "We're not going to deconstruct the banking function." Nor will it match the overnight success of service stations where much, one-third of gas now pumped in Canada is self-serve. What the bank can also expect from him, however, is something he's not yet prepared to give a higher public profile. His pleasures are private, he writes to stage, satisfied to submerge his ego in the organization, seeing his time as part of a continuum. The wealthy bank has not woken to the coming head. Yet,

William David McMillan. Here it is, Bill McMillan's crowning glory is a bejeweled life and he wears at the sword. Turnaround. Breathing life into a moribund Bank of Montreal when he joined in 1974, he dismisses rumors as only realized threats scribbled on an envelope. Chivalrous, U.S.-born (now a Canadian citizen) and looking like a Notre Dame back extension, he's balding, he

has pulled up the gloves before. In 1968, when an Brian Macpherson in a corporate jet crash, it was financier McMillan who was called in from Morgan Stanley & Co. to avert disaster on the 41-billion Churchill Falls hydroelectric project. Success then and now springs from his management view. "Taking what you have that is very perishable, translating it and enabling it to carry on in a multiphase way, after you've passed the scene." Not a bad financial philosophy, either, for the silver-haired father of none.

His bank spent its first 150 years building assets to \$6 billion in 1867, in 1908 alone, another \$7 billion was added. "When you get to be a certain size, you pass from great gains, you about can't stop it." He claims he could easily add \$2 billion in assets within 30 days, another \$4 billion in six months. "Anytime you want to, you can get the freedom on the balance sheet if there's some reason to do it. Being bigger is not a good enough reason."

While preparing his staff through further programs of forced responsibility for the expected doubling of assets within five years, he worries about his potential for paranoia, the corner-off rantings that isolated past bankers. "This is an organization dedicated to cutting us off, protecting you from bad news. Like baby food, it tends to get chewed up for you." The full menu comes from the required signal after first documents by any size of loan over \$25 million. Antiques are tested, he grows the country, listening

The banks that speak in tongues

As **W**ith a proved Michel Bélanger seems to know 40 Toronto business with it, and on calling as La Banque Paroissiale 1.8 doesn't do much for bankers outside Quebec.

And business outside Quebec happens to be an obsession right now to Bélanger's Provincial Bank of Canada and two other more aggressive Quebec-based banks trying to beat beyond the traditional confines of French-speaking rural parishes and working-class neighborhoods. Look west. The money seems to fly—but don't bring your French name with you. And so, looking Bélanger is a name translation is the Bank Canadian National—a conspicuous direct translation of Banque Canadienne Nationale whose only hint is that it is a province before logo.



Currently, the only bilingual bank at invitation to have prosperously penetrated Anglo-Canada did so bearing its Celtic name, **Bank of Montreal** (Banque de Montréal).



Paroissiale and Bélanger look west—but don't bring your French name with you

to anyone who is audible, laughing audaciously to buy 40 Bankers Trust Co. offices in New York City for \$1 billion. Half-glass in the ready, a kind of store, a holding, the key here is also in New York, has become the main objective of Montreal.

Robert Edward Harrison. As a little old lady comes chink-chink along the curable banking floor, the Commerce's flame Harrison knows what's right and wrong with banking. By the time the only gets to the counter, she's so flustered she's forgotten her name. "We're a long way from making customers as comfortable as they are going into Rattelle." But so that strain is the strength, too. "Banks have an aura about them," he says, "like a church."

Harrison, a son of St. Bernard, more energetic than he looks these days, as a pipe smoker he smokes a lot of matches. A relaxed and open individual, the frankness does not extend into his business. To be better in case, he tries the morning depression, when Canadian banks were sent bankrupting, badly banking each other out. "Would it have served the Canadian people to know there was no reserves? Disclosure, as an issue, is the same. The government's going to push and push and push. The industry is going to resist, resist, resist."

His bank today is so open, watchable place compared to 1973 when Neil McKinnon was hounded from office after months of brooding melancholy. Then, sentences weren't interrupted, speech only followed fearful thought. Rehearsed by competitive Anne Murray and her repeated was-again advertising contract, the Commerce has clambered back. It has not been without the gliding pace of long hours. "In my office," Harrison once told a colleague, "we

have an concept of time. We go until it's done, and then we go back and do it again. Our wives and families pay the sacrifice."

Provisionally, a nationalist, he looks ahead to specially branded offering, fewer products, to force commercial bank competition from foreign banks. "They're going to create an in the big cities" and to less pressure from unions within 10 years. "I honestly think we'll be rid of it." Sitting, as he does, in a 68-per-cent tax bracket, he does not expect to grow wealthy. "I don't know any rich bankers," he laughs. "Most of my customers, the people I see, could buy me out 10 times over. Most of them? All of them."

Robert Charles Fraser. After working in the shadow of the formidable W. Earle MacLaughlin, Banker Fraser has become the light. MacLaughlin, at 38 years as the Royal's chief executive officer, director on 17 other boards, critic of central bank policy and much else that, moved, has finally ended cost, retaining the chairman's title until 1988. The first thing Fraser made clear to his colleagues was that he will not be staying 18 years. At 57, that should be an unnecessary remark, but it was noted carefully by the 47 other directors who met in the paneled 14th-floor Montreal boardroom under the watchful gaze of previous presidents' portraits. Speaking to a private dinner for key personnel and directors at the time of the bank's annual meeting in January, Fraser, with tongue pointed firmly in cheek, told the group he planned to resign. MacLaughlin, he left them waiting for a breathless moment, then said, "The going to take up pipe smoking."

Of these at the top of the Big Five,

Takeover at Credit Foncier and its 17 branches in six provinces (March 1985). St. John's Montreal City and District Savings Bank a steady climb to the market. The three Quebec banks have hit gate-crashers, peeking through the hedge at a Toronto establishment garden party.

Bélanger hopes to take that strategy from stage further west. After absorbing the shared Unit Bank of Toronto in 1977, the Provincial is now merging with Vancouver-based Laurentide Financial Corporation Ltd. if the Bank Act changes ever come true, a kind of Laurentide-Union of Laurentide Provincial Bank branches. With 396 of its 373 outlets, all nearly vacant Quebec, the ambitious challenger (assets at \$2 billion) needs a place to grow.

The 49-year-old Bélanger moved over to the Provincial after three years as the first French speaking president of the Montreal Stock Exchange. A parallel move led by the now head, was made by stock chairman Garmann Perreault. 62 Perreault left the exchange floor in 1973—as a page-boy—to begin his climb to the top of the 498-million bank and an \$8 billion pile of assets. Last month saw 11 branches in Hong Kong, province—opened another in Hanoi. King to keep a 24-hour watch on world currency markets.

But tougher problems of tongue remain. Expansion means the French speaking bank must become better by being to understand speaking personnel and enabling Montreal head office to handle both languages. Ironically the threat into English Canada is viewed partly because the big Anglo banks successfully went after French speaking clients by creating bank branches in Quebec. Once service was offered in French, Quebecers showed little inclination to switch vaults. Now the three upstarts from Quebec are banking on the hope that similar goodwill exists in English Canada. **David Thomas**

Bankers is perhaps the most at ease, the most comfortable within his own skin as he moves with the residual grace of the former hockey player he is. It is a manner that suggests he has been running the Royal for some time longer than official announcements would indicate. That time has given him the perspective to see his life and the bank's as part of an evolving whole. The era when loans were favored bestowed because the years when customers were fearlessly brought. That move to consumer banking "made us a little more business-oriented as we created an atmosphere, a realization that we are a service industry." The "blue-skying" bendomains in these days will lead to specific moves such as expansion into the U.S. But it will also lead beyond "just being a banker," he says. "You have to accept your responsibilities in the community." When he says that, it sounds honest, not overdone, as the former investor major marshals himself for the changing battlefields ahead.

Photo: [illegible]



William McMillan of the Bank of Montreal began is not a good enough reason.

basic system controlled by the owner of branch. At 11, he jokes that Bank, New Brunswick, where he joined in 1968, is "mass branch" but it helps him keep eye planted in offices of small Canadian businesses while stepping out to Ann. Learning that the younger and less experienced branch managers that rapid expansion has brought to all banks, he looks back 30 years. "We're stable, at this point in time, to deliver that same type of advice and control" to small business. It's a faith he hopes to correct with a live-in learning centre in

London, Ontario, that staffs with management information and will eventually accept small businesses looking to expand markets. It's a fit, too, with his interest in international trade, particularly the Pacific rim. After four visits to China, he sees the potential and the problem. "A tremendous amount of business is done on a trial basis. We have to develop a whole generation who knows how to work in Asia."

His style is to plunge himself in, leading a board contingent to Manila or flying to Calgary on a Sunday with \$90 million for Robert Blair's risk at Husky Oil last July. "Any one of us around this building will get on an airplane and go and try to do a deal," he says. "I don't think you can negotiate anything. I think you also have to demonstrate that it's possible for everyone to get in and see it up." As the lion of the lions, his direction now is to share power out and share people up within the framework it has taken six years to roll his own.

There, then, is the much feared Central Canada Bank. Conspiring two guys from Manitoba, two from New Brunswick, one from Alberta. Out of the five, one will rise to be seen as dean, prime minister, perfidy lord among equals, though each says it's a role he will not seek. Personal competitive, none would want another to speak for him. Nor do they have much need for the ego massage parlors that politicians frequent, they dislike pomp and distant pretence, they cringe from public criticism, seeing it as personal attack. However, as Canada heads into some future decades, these men, these many years of man, lives will need to lead the luxury of their anonymity—not for untested leadership, but to show banking has a heart, not just a head.

Business

The man who would rather be Lord of the Bay

Physically speaking, it isn't far from Rex Thomson's Krugthoff-strewn offices in the Toronto headquarters of the Thomson organization to Donald McGivern's office in the Bay out to Yonge Street, turn left, and you're almost there. Conceptually, though, it's miles—a conviction you would never make on your own. Especially last week, when Thomson, son of the late Roy, Lord Thomson of Fleet, walked into the Hudson's Bay president's office and laid the biggest manuscript of them all: he intended to buy 50 per cent of his

company for \$305.2 million—cash. A size irony. Not two months after he controlled some 67 per cent of Simpsons in the retail handbooks of the decade, McGivern himself was taken over but in an offer still being assembled by Thomson and Toronto lawyer John Tory, twin and partner in law to Jim Tory, the man who unsuccessfully defended Simpsons against McGivern. But Simpsons' revenge had nothing to do with it, Thomson says. He is attracted by the Bay's valuable oil, gas and land assets, as well as by its future and its 300-year past, and intends to do nothing save add his and Tory's names to the Bay's board. "What it is, is the Hudson's Bay Company—a magnificent Canadian company," he gushes. "This is a long, long-term investment."

That remark is to note. Even as Thomson enthused, an election-conscious House of Commons—years too late, it seems—was calling for tougher anti-corporate laws and for an investigation of the deal by both the government's consumer branch and the Foreign Investment Review Agency. Meanwhile, stock market analysts across the land dreamed up counter-offer candidates: Canadian Pacific Chairman John Sinclair, Brascan Chairman John Moore and, of course, Conrad Black. But the most likely was least feared: Bay Director Joseph Segal, the Vancouver real-estate and real-estate heir of whose own Zeller's Ltd. he convinced McGivern to buy 58 per cent last October. Though he would not comment, Segal in the Bay's single largest shareholder and therefore crucial to any take-over battle. At least it will be profitable two hours after trading in Bay shares reopened last Friday, the stock had climbed nearly \$6 to \$25.75.

Any takeover battle would be formidable. "I can't see too many people getting involved, not at \$31," says one Toronto financier, noting that Thomson's offer of \$31 a share topped the then going price of Bay stock by some 35 per cent. All the better for the quiet dreamer of Rex Thomson. For years, content to collect capriciously expensive savings of money and power while his father amassed the stuff of less fragile

dreams—including two North Sea oil wells, television stations, *The Times* of London and the immensely profitable Thomson Newspapers Ltd. (1977 profits of \$67.4 million)—Rex Thomson is nonetheless the man who, lorry of Britain's future, has slipped around foreign exchange controls there and returned to Canada the assets of the Thomson Organization, 81 per cent owned by Bay Thomson's heirs who, in turn, control Thomson Equitable (International) Ltd. and Woodbridge Co. Ltd., the two companies through which the offer for the Bay is being made. Now, at 58, Rex's two-time son has, Rex Thomson, striving upward, traded his Canadian citizenship for a peerage which, hand in hand with ownership of *The Times*, he considered his greatest achievement. Rex Thomson, striding deep, uses the inherited prefix only when he has to in Britain and Europe. "In Canada," he writes, "I'm delighted to be just who I am."

Joe Brown



The Big Five's ladies-in-waiting

For bankers as well as other businessmen, women have long often been seen as relations of the mind. Less than three years ago, two of the Big Five didn't even have a female director. The symbolic vacancies now filled only one woman each in the five-member boards. At 1978, the study by Winnipeg consultant Macmillan Bessmer, one way to go before women will be admitted to the executive suite. With women numbering 75 per cent of bank staff, no one will get ahead a female assistant, but Bill McMillan says his Bank of Montreal will have a female vice president within five years. "You can almost see the edge of the tide working through the organization. There's a time when there will be a lot of women in management. It's not that we have to do something to achieve it—there's no way we can stop it."

The Bank's first female director, Marjorie, vice-president of Marjorie Martens, says progress is the women's fault now. Women are not willing to take the responsibilities that have been offered

them. Says ScotiaBank Director and President of A.E. Wilson & Co. Marie Wilson, "Success is inevitable. The evidence, however, is slow to show. One banker maintaining there's a surplus of his bank who would not be named but female assistant general manager implied. Don't say that she'll know who she is. Female clerks may be unhappy but there have been slow to cooperate. In fact, perhaps business last year forced the national and central bank of Canada to ask the 24 corporations in B.C. and Saskatchewan to reconsider."

There are other women who have been chosen to run away from even the most bank assistant. Elvira Koutina, 51, an immigrant graduate and director of communications coordination for Winnipeg's Capital City Centre Corp. led the U.S. in 1973 after seven years for a more direct, hands-on operation. I was aware of it as far as the bank was concerned. They gave me a very good education and enormous independence, but I wanted a different kind of responsibility given me the opportunity they did. They were the instruments of their own distribution." All men may be born equal but for a while get some women have to become more equal than others.



McGivern and Thomson race moves and connections only made in quiet dreams

PHOTO BY GARY H. HARRIS FOR THE GLOBE AND MAIL

People

Although he didn't want to run on her parade, actor **Michael Semsch** called **Valerie Lutz's** dream come true "the stupidest thing I ever heard of." Left, a Gossard, Oulano, interior designer who, three years ago, bid \$800 in the Toronto Symphony Dream Auction to become a movie star for a day, rushed in on it last week playing an extra in *Double Negative*, a movie starring **Anthony Perkins** and **Kurtzman** (*They Shot Harry Dean Taylor*). Although she was pleased that Secretary of State **John Roberts** showed up for her debut, and surprised at how helpful Director **George Bloomfield** proved to be, Lutz was mildly perturbed when she didn't get more to do. "I thought that as a movie star I should at least get to speak at least to my boss!" Reluctantly undaunted, Lutz, 35, plans to take out her ACER card in the near future.

The rumor had surfaced twice three times since the war, but only last week, was **Joseph Lutz**, secretary-general of NATO, publicly accused of having a blot on his record. The director of the Dutch War Documentation Institute, **Leo de Jong**, said records show that the much respected Lutz had been a member of the Dutch Nazi party between 1933 and 1938 while attending university in Amsterdam. While the news attacked Lutz's NATO association in Brussels, it drew a denial from the lanky, 62-year-old statesman who served as Dutch foreign minister from 1956 to 1961. "That's an ugly old story that keeps popping up," he said, at the same time admitting he had attended a few Nazi rallies in the mid-'30s. "The institute has clearly confused my name with somebody else's." That, however, appeared unlikely. The long-elapsed institute had long known of Lutz's connection with the Dutch Nazi party, 598 but said he spoke out only when the NATO chief denied the accusation printed in the Rotterdam daily, *Algemeen Dagblad*. As the initial shock of the revelation wore off in Brussels, the consensus is official circles was that if the story proved true, Lutz's denial of his past would be more damaging to him than the fact he once flirted with Nazism.

Lutz worked with **Bob Hope** and **Bing Crosby** in *The Road to Utopia* (1940) and *The Road to Hong Kong* (1941), and has written for **Groucho Marx**, **Zeno Zeno**, **Mary Martin**, **Phil Silvers** and **Lucille Ball**. So there's little doubt that after 25 years in the movie trade, producer/director **Malvin Frank**, 61, knows



PHOTO BY MICHAEL



JACKSON: KNOWS A SHIP WORTH

Perkins, Lutz and Semsch star for a day

backstage when he sees it. That's why Frank is rather high on the comely chemistry of **George Hagg** and **James Jackson**, whom he directed in *A Touch of Glass* and who will star in his latest film, *Lost and Found*. The movie, which deals with the college tenure system and was shot at the University of Toronto, features the supporting cast of Canadian actors **Hugh McLennan** (*Corporation*), **Martin Short** and **Barbara Woodson**. But through "better experience," Frank has learned not to take too professional a stance when dealing with his lead actors. "The one thing I've learned is that you never tell Semsch or Jackson to sit here and do that," admitted Frank. "Dressing Gloria is the driving a Rolls-Royce compared with a truck. You merely touch the controls."

Then, may be a little short on personal freedom, but selected inmates at the Guelph Correctional Centre are at least experiencing artistic freedom under the direction of **Kee Dancy** (*Images of Sports*), one of Can-

ada's major realism in conjunction with the centre's painting instructor, **Ray Venderwert**. Dancy is helping the inmates repair and repaint a turn-of-the-century carousel, which was saved from the junkyard last year after Dancy and a local crime's group raised \$50,000 to restore it. Although Dancy has designed and supervised the framework and decorative painting on the merry-go-round, he has left the hobbyhorses in the hands of the crew. "I'd like to see them get quite a bit of themselves into the painting," said Dancy, who expects the project to be completed by May. "So far, it's worked well for them and in They have the facilities—and, goodness knows, the time."

When his voice changed, it was news. When he started sharing and threw away his judgments, it was revolutionary. So it's little wonder that **Howe Seward**, Quebec's boy soprano-turned-singer, felt like celebrating



PHOTO BY MICHAEL

Seward reaching the age of majority, **Howe**

as when he reached the age of majority last week. Privately, Seward conceived of his 18th birthday as **Nippon's** disco in Montreal where he was presented with a birthday cake, "legally" drunk champagne and boogied into the wee hours of the night. Of course, he did come champagne. After proving his age by showing his ID card at the door, Seward took a few turns on the dance floor with his Na 1 girl—his mother. Commenting on the momentous ceremony, the child star said "Wow. Cool, huh?"

Its reputation may not have preceded it, but Toronto's **Doveschild Blues Band** is being welcomed like a bunch of long-lost friends by American audiences as it tours the eastern seaboard. And without a trace of false modesty, Doveschild's brainchild and leader, **Denny Walsh**, admits the success has little to do with him and his sidemen. Why, then, are Yankee audiences turning out to hear the original remnants of Doveschild's songs (*Blues, Pop, Rock and Pop*) and *Shayne Blues*? Mostly, because the songs are featured in one of the hottest selling albums in the U.S., *Discotheque* *Full of Blues*, by **Johnny Nash**, **John's** **Blues Brothers**, **Dan Aykroyd** and **John Belushi**. Aykroyd, who charmed around with singer Walsh when he was a club act performer at Toronto's **Recess City**, bought the rights to use the Doveschild tunes last summer and after four weeks on the charts, *Discotheque* *Full of Blues* had gone platinum (one million copies). Although the recognition has certainly been nice, Walsh admits the remuneration has been even better. No wonder. He gets 63 cents for every *Discotheque* sold.

Often described as "spaced out," this time the Canadian rock group **Rush** proved it when the three-time band of **Alan Upton**, **Geddy Lee** and **Nick Peck** landed the first recording to be honored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for their efforts in "making people aware of space travel." The group, which writes music and lyrics about constellations, black holes and other celestial subjects, was taken on a tour of the Kennedy Space Center, where the space shuttle will be launched. Although then, were also treated to drinks at the astronauts' beach house, the trio was most impressed by the regulation hard hats, which were mandatory apparel on the site. The Rushers were told the hats would be presented to them when their return as guests of NASA for the space shuttle launching Nov. 9.

Edited by Joe O'Hara



Rush: Rock holes and houses to rockers



For people with a taste for something mild:
du Maurier Special Mild.



King 8 mg and 0.9 mg
100 mg and 10 mg

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Av per cigarette: 100 mg, 14 mg "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine. King Size: 13 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine.

Sports

The lowly hotdog turns into a movable feast

By Hal Quinn

The cars, vans and campers were backed up for miles on the two-lane road leading to the Element ski area outside Montreal. The people abandoned their vehicles wherever they could and trodded to the base of the mountain. Overhead, multicolored manned kites soared and dipped, but the toques, snowsuits and skis and skied skied most of more than 8,000 up-sloped them, intent on scrambling up the snow-covered slopes to perch in trees, peep close to wintering fences and boudie in the forest to see fivers of a different sort—the "Quebec Air Force," the "big air" Europeans and the fly-boss of the Western world.

It was the last weekend in February, the final day of competition of the first of these Canadian stops of the World Cup Freestyle Skiing tour. The sun had finally burned off a persistent fog and was heating down on the long, firm, jagged ramps and landing areas. The young men and women athletes were making their final preparations for their aerial stunts.

Dano mace danced from loud-speakers as world champion freestyle and 1977 Canadian water-skiing champion Greg Athans of Vancouver built up speed for his final practice jump. The music stopped as he hit the ramp, launched 25 feet in the air. Athans tucked in his knees for the first of two somersaults, to be followed by an upright oval. His red ski suit, a blur, Athans thudded into the landing slope halfway through the turn. Ski patrolmen and attendants scampered across the snow as Athans hit spectators. "The best jump," they're crying, muttered a middle-aged Québécois, turning away.

Indeed, since the first "hot-doggers" began flipping and twirling their way down North American mountains nine years ago, most people have considered them wild, dope-crazed hoppers with water saws on, at best, poor little rich kids chucking their ski gloves at safety and self preservation. Led by Vancouver's Wayne Wang, they became cult figures to the Aspen-Lake Louise vagabonds and demogods to the rope-tow on trying to master the moghole.

U.S. TV networks, eager to cash in on Earl Kinnear's treps, rushed power carts to the hills and created pseudo events to

bring the daredevils into the living room. But while promoters were flourishing factoids amongst the skiers, two young would-be fly-boss failed to pull out of multi-revolution backflips. They broke their spines and are paralyzed for life. Their plight sobered the networks, sponsors—and insurance companies.

Freestyle Darryl Bowie of Calgary saw the need for organization after the first couple of U.S. events. In 1979, he formed the Canadian Freestyle Skier's Association with Johnny Johnston. They teamed with Labatt Breweries as sponsor, organized competitions, set strict regulations for competitors' eligibility and standardized judging. As the sport took hold in the U.S., it grew in Europe and boomed in Canada. The CFAA now has 100 members, 30 pro competitors and a strong amateur circuit attracts about 1,000 competitors.

With five World Cup pro events in Europe and three in Canada this year, Canadians are dominating the freestyle skiing world.

As the beer cans popped and the winners were passed along the Rimouski hills, Pierre Pudin of Quebec raved down the arena. Catapulted above the treeline, Pudin, in his brilliant yellow ski suit, asymmetrical backward, then spun his body counterclockwise. Tucking, he somersaulted back again then spun backward. Pulling out, he hit the 60-degree landing slope upright, skis together, arms raised in triumph. Five-sided Rick Bowie of Lake Louise, tied for fourth in the World Cup standings, followed with a triple back somersault and gasps of "just" changed to shouts of "far out."

Light years removed from the spontaneous, mime flips of the original "hot-doggers," today's freestylers are custom, calculating athletes. All, like Toronto's Stephane Sloan, who after a back injury moved into first place in the World Cup standings, must qualify their aerials with the CFAA before attempting them in competition. President Darryl Bowie explains: "Aerials are executed progressively. Competitors must satisfy the CFAA committee that they can safely land a single somersault—four out of five times—be-

fore grabbing her share of the air.



lose they can attempt to qualify a double, and so on. And auctions can be taken away, so, cut back from a triple to a double, if a skier is missing their competition."

Duffy's younger brother Rick, 33, in his fifth season of pro competition, finished second overall at Bromont. He thought a back double a triple somewhat for months before trying it—on a test-pipe. Then he practiced on a dry-land ramp into water, gradually moving on to a snow ramp with a guy landing, completing a dozen triples a day. It wasn't until this past January in France that he attempted one on a snow landing. "You wonder how many times you're done a jump," he says, "the first one at the end is scary. On the first revolution you don't see the ground—

you're spinning too fast. On the second, you try to pick out the ground to judge how high you are. On the third, you have to find it again to time your takeoff."

Despite the thousands of aerials attempted this year in practice and competition, there has been only one serious injury, a broken leg. The "big air" flyers, like the "Quebec Air Kings" of Peoria, Evan Christensen and Craig Olsen, and world champion the past two years and leader again this year, John Davenport of Montreal, see former gymnasts and divers who respect the danger in their stunts. "It was a gymnast in a lot," says 25-year-old Davenport, "so I was about upside down, having fun, and feeling alright upside down. But going for my first triple back somersault on skis was a lot easier than going for that first one."

The stunts are the most dramatic and popular event. Last year at Mont

See Anne Quabbe, wife of this week's World Cup competition, more than 25,000 people attended the three-day show—one of the largest crowds ever to attend a North American skiing event of any type. But Kaves, Athletes, those and those have become champions by mastering the two other strictly disciplines, moguls and ballet, as well. The mogul competition is a half-hill fest, jumps, timed run down a course resembling a Brokeback Mountain gold ball. The downers are judged by how rhythmically they negotiate the treachery and the symmetry of set jumps they throw in. "Ah, ski ballet," sighed bearded skier Garhammer of Germany, after finishing one-trick of a point behind Athens. "It's one of the rare sports. You can bring in aspects of figure skating, gymnastics, ballet, modern dance, and then you get it to music."

Garhammer, like the others, has worked for years on his ballet tricks—double and triple somersaults, front and back flips. "Double-bungers" (a twisting half-flip with one hand on the snow) earned for its inventor, Michel Duguebe of Quebec. As the red suit of the German skier appeared out of the Bromont fog on the second day of the event, the strains of Glenn Miller's *Fein* (the Most drifted down the hill as Garhammer flipped, turned, danced on his ski tips and glided to the foot.

Athens won the ballet, looking simple tricks to show, potshots, then some—swirling and spinning to crescendo of music written especially for him. Kaves choreographed his act routine to music he composed, performed and recorded himself in Nashville.

The friendly rivalry between Daves and Athletes continues in the world the past two years and again this year, came to a crunch at Bromont. Various and in World Cup points—the fitness test for prize money which can reach \$50,000 for a champion and far endorsements and sponsor bonuses which can reach \$40,000 to \$50,000—Athens barely had to land an aerial to win. But he failed to pull out of his twist in practice, tearing shoulder muscles, and was forced to drop out. Daves missed a triple in practice and landed down his start to a double in out movement with a full twist on the second revolution, landing it and the overall title.

Daves two rib cartilages in his practice fall, but resting in Calgary, he will be ready for Mont St. Anne and the final event at Grande Montee, B.C., at the end of March. Athens, responding in Vancouver is determined to be there too. Doctors have told him to rest for eight weeks, but what do they know of a Daves old's will to win, the need to hear the crowd and the thrill of grabbing "big air" as a fly-boy in the Western world? ☐

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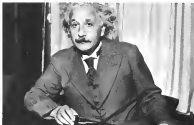
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Science

Remembering Einstein: the mind and the man

This week the world's leading physicists gathered at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, for a six-day celebration to mark the 100th anniversary of the birth of Albert Einstein. Two days later, many of the more distinguished scientists are converging in Jerusalem to honor the overwriting genius of 20th-century science, who died in 1955. Many such meetings will occur this year to commemorate March 14, 1879. For instance, Nobel Prize-winning physicist C.N. Yang of the State University of New York also plans to attend gatherings in Bonn and Bern, Switzerland. Winnipeg native Ben Peblee, now a professor at Princeton, is scheduled for seminars in Washington, D.C. and Oklahoma, while Dr.

His precedent-shattering ideas held that space and time were not absolute and invariable but relative to the beholder. A further development of the special theory is the famous equation that will forever be linked with Einstein's name, $E=mc^2$ —energy equals mass times the speed of light squared. Years later, that equation provided the theoretical framework that led to splitting the atom and, much to Einstein's distress, nuclear bombs. In 1915, Einstein presented more complex notions in his general theory of relativity. He maintained that space curls in response to gravitating objects, and with this insight, he spent the gravitational laws of 17th-century physicist Sir Isaac Newton.



Einstein, Hawking: rare minds indeed

William Urrish of the University of British Columbia has already warned up with Einstein festivities in Perth, Australia.

In addition to detailing his contributions to science, the pluckers of seminars will all confront the same basic question: what was it about Einstein that captured the world's imagination? "The notions of time and space that Einstein dealt with really troubled people," says Peblee. "After all, space and time are things that everybody knows about and here was a scientist proposing some very radical ideas, some very counter-intuitive ideas about the way these things operated."

The German-born Einstein's cosmopolitan began in 1905, when, at 26, he published his special theory of relativity.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

At the end of World War I, Sir Arthur Eddington's photograph of a star during a solar eclipse proved, as Einstein had maintained, that the gravitational field of the sun bent light. "The world was torn of war and bloodshed. This was just the right moment for a new view of the universe," says relativist Hans Dietrich, who worked with Einstein in the 1930s.

Einstein looked the part of the totally absorbed scientist, the long white hair matted above deep, Spock-like eyes, the baggy sweater and pants, the pipe and the sandally balding white neck-out. Recall former associate Peter G. Bergmann: "When I worked with him I was in my 20s and he was in his 50s. He wasn't buddy buddy but he was equally courteous to junior or seniors."

For many who never understood Einstein's physics, his willingness to speak out on a broad range of humanitarian concerns illustrates his humanity. "We shouldn't lose sight of Einstein the man," says Ottawa author Albert Shew, now working on a book about the scientist. "I'm going to emphasize his human qualities."

Einstein's mystique, however, grown from more than his scientific or humanitarian concerns. Everyone lives in Einstein's universe whether or not they understand the geometric beauty of his theory of relativity. The nuclear age, in many ways the unwanted sequel of his research, has forever altered the world's geopolitical realities. Even our intergalactic fantasies are fuelled by Einstein's cosmology. The enthralling power of Star Wars is captured by the popular representation of his space-time continuum.

The study of relativity has received added impulse from space research. With new data from satellites and probes, scientists such as British's Stephen Hawking are using Einstein's theories to explain such intriguing astronomical phenomena as black holes, collapsed stars of such enormous gravitational force that anything which entered their field of attraction would never escape. Although confined to a wheelchair, and suffering from a muscle-wasting form of sclerosis, Hawking's intellectual enthusiasm for his subject has led him to name fellow scientists to rank him "the high priest of black holes." According to Cambridge University's Gary Gibbons, a close collaborator, Hawking can be described as a successor to Einstein. "In the sense that he has probably made more contribution to the development of the theory of gravity than anyone else."

Theoretical physicists are also actively pursuing the quest that unsuccessfully occupied the last 25 years of Einstein's life, the search for a unified field theory of physics. The requisite formulation would combine relatively with quantum physics—that branch of physics which concerns itself with the behavior of elementary particles such as electrons, protons, neutrons and quarks. "At the time Einstein worked on the problem, there simply wasn't enough data to formulate the kind of equations he needed," says C.N. Yang. Since 1967, professors Steven Weinberg of Harvard and Abner Salam of the International Centre for Theoretical Physics in Trieste, Italy, have uncovered principles of unity among

some fundamental forces of nature. Meanwhile, researchers are still working on a derivation of Einstein's brain in an attempt to identify the origins of his genius. He is rare indeed. Of the seminal thinkers in the field of microscope—or large-scale—physics, more than 2,000 years separated the mathematician of the great Greek scientist Archimedes from Newton's formulation of the laws of gravity. And 800 years divide Newton from Einstein's re-orienting of his universe. Who knows when the world will see Einstein's like again?

Eliza Christopher

The answer to dandruff.

Q. What is dandruff?

A. Dandruff is a condition of the skin, not the hair. It can occur with a scalp that's too dry, too wet, too itchy, or one that's too oily. Cells flake off and get trapped in the hair.

Dandruff is not contagious, although it can be itchy and unsightly.

Q. What is it that causes dandruff?

A. Nobody really knows. But it seems to get worse in winter, probably due to the lack of humidity.

Q. How can it be treated?

A. The best and easiest way is with an effective treatment shampoo.

Q. How does a treatment shampoo work?

A. It works in three ways: (a) by preventing the loss of dead scalp cells so that dandruff flakes no longer form, (b) by keeping the underlying inflammation of the scalp, and (c) by cleaning and grooming the hair like an ordinary shampoo.

Q. What makes a treatment shampoo effective against dandruff?

A. The active ingredients of which there are several different types, for

example selenium sulfide, the remarkably effective ingredient used in Selsun®. Note: Selsun is the only name brand to use selenium sulfide, exactly because it's so difficult and expensive to make. The only place it's produced is at Selsun's own highly advanced laboratories.

Q. Must good treatment shampoos always smell bad?

A. No, this is an old-fashioned idea based on the fact that many active ingredients have a pungent smell that's hard to mask. The smell of selenium sulfide is easy to hide and, therefore, produces a good state for treatment shampoo.

Q. Which brand of treatment shampoo do the experts recommend?

A. Opinions obviously differ, but many experts prefer Selsun. In one survey over 60% of pharmacists when asked, said they recommended Selsun to dandruff sufferers.

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The missing link is a jungle away

It may sound like a remarkably dull promise: Colombian President Julio César Turbay has sworn to drive from Bogotá to Panama City on paved road before the end of his mandate in 1992. But this hot link is the Pan American

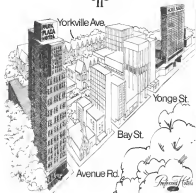
Highway—a near complete road system which will allow motorists to drive from Canada (excluded) to the southernmost tip of South America—must be thrown across one of the world's most dramatically wild areas—the Darien Gap. That's the 350-mile stretch of country extending south from Toumou, Panama, to Rio Icaño, Colombia—much of it steaming jungle full of fever, deadly snakes, swamp half a mile deep, and pocked by a handful of Indians, Casteñista guerrillas and cocaine smugglers.



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The United States first recommended building the highway linking North and South America in 1923 and the project was approved by an international agreement in 1938. But no one managed even to cross the Darien until an adventure school teacher from North Carolina, Richard Tewksbury, emerged from the dense jungle on the Colombian side after an second attempt in 1961.

With other sections of the road progressing steadily in the early 1980s, the Sixth Pan American Highway Congress set up a special Darien subcommittee to plan the route. Engineers struggled through sweltering, malarial trunks in 1987, and three years later a two-joint expedition achieved the first vehicle crossing.

Though the U.S. has agreed with Panama and Colombia to share construction costs—now estimated at more than \$300 million—the Dispute Court in Washington has placed a strict injunction against funding until after the dreaded foot and mouth disease, has been brought under control along the Panama-Colombia border. There have been seven epidemics reported in the Colombian state of Antioquia this year.

Dr. Clarence G. Mason, a U.S. department of agriculture affixes specialist, is technical adviser for the campaign against the disease, working with some 250 Colombian inspectors and veterinarians. "How fast we can clear it out depends on how much money we have," he says. "This year the Colombian government has put up \$1 million to match our \$1 million, but I could use \$5 million."

The commercial advantages of transport to the big markets of the North make building the road urgent, and the area is potentially rich in food and hardwood production. They there's treasure. It's already starting—four young members of the Kennedy clan spent Christmas white-water rafting on the Atrato River.

Timothy Bass



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The apprentices of power

By Julianne Labrecque

Some time ago, on the mezzanine of a posh Ottawa restaurant, Deputy Prime Minister Allan Rock and a ministerial aide sat down together, immersed in late-night sleep talk. Suddenly MacLachlan slipped from his pocket a confidential document marked "For the Minister's Eyes Only." When the surprised aide protested, questioning the wisdom of sharing such secrets, MacLachlan's retort was sharp and stern: "I pay you to be my eyes, and my ears."

It's a comment that conveys much of the agency and the intimacy, the pressure and the privileges, enjoyed by the nearly 200 ministerial aides who work discreetly

in the shadows of Ottawa's (and Canada's) political stars—the ministers of the federal cabinet. Publicly, these backstage executive and special assistants are rarely seen, much less heard—they almost invisible existence confined to the often thankless task of running their ministers' sensitive political well-being. The aide's job is everything that the non-to-dive-off-office worker's isn't: a grueling, often emotion-rendering lack of routine that frequently entails 12-hour days and working weekends, and includes every task from giving advice on sensitive matters of public policy to satisfying a minister's addiction to candy.

The ideal aide, Secretary of State John Roberts once wrote when he served as an executive assistant, "looks at politics not through his own eyes, but through the

eyes of another's hopes and ambitions." Yet even though these young, often bright, well-educated aides are accustomed to discharging their eyes to press and public, many, like Roberts, are career climbers who use the job as a way to reach the summit of elected office. View, with a federal election fast approaching, there's a palpable air of restlessness and expectancy in the cool March air of Ottawa as the aides weigh the make-or-buy decision of whether to campaign for their ministers, take the political plunge themselves or find new jobs. The feeling, says one aide, "is like an athlete stretching and doing warm-up exercises before a marathon."

Cabinet ministers such as Marc Lalonde, Martin O'Connor and Roméo LeBlanc all quietly worked at one stage in



Clark, father Charles (center), Stasfeld flashback to previous appointment

their careers as aides to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Others, like federal Liberal MPs Frances Fox, Ralph Goodale and Ralph Sheppard, also began as aides. One They, Joe Clark, served back in 1967 as an aide to Robert Stanfield, and fast gained a reputation as a diligent worker. Many of these former aides agree there's no better way of learning the political, sometimes cutthroat, ropes than working for a cabinet minister. As Stewart says, "You really got to know what was going on up on Parliament Hill."

Making that leap to active political life, however, is a gamble that requires a commitment almost equivalent to entering monastic life—total dedication. At a time when politics is considered an unlikely business, these aides are the exception, usually single and strongly attached to their jobs, willing to endure the long hours

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Ouellet (left), aka Carnegie: 16-hour days in a little bubble of a world





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and stolen leisure time to get ahead. "The secret is that you have to be willing to do this job in the most important thing in your life. Everything is so intense and people burn out pretty quickly," says Sharon Vais, assistant to her minister Stuart Leggett, and one of the parliamentary aides who shares a routine which is sometimes as grueling as that of her ministerial counterparts. The fast-paced tasks of briefing ministers, speech writing, involving with their bosses and managing reporters' calls can create a lot of stress. Richard Carling, a 35-year-old special assistant to André Ouellet, for instance, when interviewed, had just put in two consecutive 14-hour days. He's leaving the job to return to university in the fall, considering it in retrospect. "In some ways, this is anti-life. It's such a little bubble of a world."

The frustrations of the job are relieved through hobby events like "Wonderful Wednesday," a weekly gathering in a designated minister's office where aides meet one another over a cash bar. And there are the rare cases of stress and nervous breakdowns, which tend to increase as the political season heats up. For many aides, the thrill of working closely with political powers and shakers compensates for the pressure. One tells of getting an emotional high out of contributing just two lines to a draft of the National Housing Act, says another. "I'm on the road as well, but I wouldn't be in the job if I didn't really like it."

Even though ministerial aides aren't underpaid—special assistants make up to \$27,000 and executive assistants can earn \$11,000—their job security is tenuous. Being entirely dependent on the electoral popularity of their boss, many find it difficult still in the unending spectrum of reorganizations. Says Bill Lee, a former executive assistant and now president of Executive Consultants Limited in Ottawa, an assistant "can be anything from an extremely powerful, policy-influencing, untested official to a glorified overpaid baggage-handler." For awhile the old days, when the words "ministerial aide" conjured up a glamorous portrait of power, today's aides are nonetheless confined to menial chores—and coping with all the apparent trivia can be traumatic. Very senior Clerk's aides are still snarling from the stress of losing their luggages on the world tour this winter. An aide travelling with Trudeau was once recommended for forgetting to buy a box of chocolate Turtles to satisfy the prime minister's sweet tooth.

More confident aides command more respect. In Ottawa circles, for instance, Edna Goldberger, executive assistant to Finance Minister Jean Chrétien, is known to have the minister's ear. He has followed Chrétien loyally through three major portfolios over four years—highly unusual when the normal turnover rate for aides is every two years. He sits in with

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Law

Fencing in the public's right to speak out

Everyone, it seems, wants a say in the media these days. But there's one recurring end-most notable, politicians—don't always like it and are now biting back with a vengeance. That has been made rather clear by two recent, controversial court decisions which gave new teeth to Canadian libel law.

The *Stoklosa StarPhoenix* is well-springing from a November Federal Supreme Court 6-to-3 decision which upheld a 1974 Saskatchewan Court of Queen's Bench trial judgment that found a letter-to-the-editor critical of local alderman and lawyer Morris Stoklosa to be libelous and awarded him \$10,000 in damages, plus costs. Then, in January, British Columbia Supreme Court Justice P. Craig Munroe stated not only the *Vancouver Times* but political cartoonists across the country with his ruling that a cartoon depicting a B.C. cabinet minister ducking wings off flies was libelous. Munroe cited the *Cheney* case as his judgment.

To many lawyers, the two cases indicate a trend in the courts toward greater protection of public reputation at the risk of quashing new limits on free speech. "These are not isolated cases," says University of Toronto law professor Hodson Hutch. "These are in-

stances in which politicians are using the law of libel to inhibit criticism of themselves. I think that we can start losing some aspects of freedom of speech without clamping down newspapers."

Lawyers noted the *Cheney* case as the more serious because it is now the law of the land and states out new ground for libel actions affecting not only press freedom but the right to free speech of the public at large. The Ontario Press Council, a body which acts as a media watchdog, is so concerned that it has approached Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry with proposed amendments to the Ontario Libel and Slander Act that would protect the letters column *Saves Executive Secretary Frances MacDougall*, "It is the public that suffers, not the publications. I don't think the public realizes what a blow this judgment is to its right to express opinions freely."

Toronto libel lawyer Juliana Porter agrees. "Anything that unduly makes the editor conservative in inquiry and if it would tend to have papers which are cautious, and will give the editor an excuse to suppress comment, the papers will lose some life."

In the *Cheney* case, the latter

Vander Zalm libel actions will become because politicians are willing to lose

written by two law students criticized the alderman for his opposition to an Indian and Métis rehabilitation center for alcoholics in a predominantly white neighborhood. It was published under the caption "Racist Attacks." The court denied the *StarPhoenix* the right to plead fair comment as a defense because the law students had moved from the province by the time of the trial and the newspaper in their absence could not prove that the opinions expressed in their letter were "honest" opinions. In his dissent, Supreme Court Justice Brian Dickson spelled out the more dangerous implications of the ruling: "As the columns devoted to the letters-to-the-editor are intended to stimulate an unlimited debate on every public issue, the editor's task would be an arduous one if he were limited to publishing only those letters with which he agreed." Dickson added, "A free and general discussion of public matters is fundamental to a democratic society."

Because the appeal of the trial judgment has not yet been heard, the decision is the cartoonist's case is regarded more as a symptom of the chilling climate in Canada than as law. Political cartoonist Bob Harris had argued his cartoon was fair editorial comment on a statement by B.C. Municipal Affairs Minister William Vander Zalm that Indians on welfare in cities would be better off going back to the reserves. The *Edmonton Journal* mirrored the decision by naming Dickson's opinion as a cartoon. Only weeks later, Vander Zalm added fuel to an already fiery debate with his infamous lyrics, "When out of the East come the sound of a frog," a clear reference to Quebec Premier René Lévesque. The cartoonists' healthy cartoons showing Vander Zalm ripping the tail off a frog and a caption reading "It's a free thing, don't you see?"

Under Canadian law, freedom of speech is one of its strongest supports in the defense of fair comment. But, as a result of these two decisions the defense seems less secure. One other pertinent example is a B.C. Supreme Court trial judgment in January, 1978, awarding Liberal MP Dennis Hill \$10,000 in damages against his former employer, *The Vancouver Sun*, for an editorial found to be libelous. Julian Porter comments, "I think in the next five or 10 years you'll see more libel actions. They will increase because, I just sense, politicians are willing to sue." The number of future actions may well depend on how much concerned citizens like Vander Zalm and Morris Hill care.

Mark Witten

Innocence is in the eye of the beholder, not the Bureau of Commercial Acceptance

By Barbara Arnel

It needed the government to turn a members game into a losing proposition. This year Loto Canada will end up costing the taxpayers \$15 million. In case you're curious about what happened, the *East Side* gang (the *felix*) is not supposed to gamble in or the territory of the West Side boys (the *goyles*) when it comes to running numbers. In Montreal, of course, you figure out the limits of your territory before springing up all your runners and bit men, or else you find yourself in a block of cement in the East River. Here, possibly because of a shortage of cement, Sports Minister Jean Charest's intentions to office while the taxpayers pay off the contracts also seem to have had an authority to make in the first place.

But Loto Canada got into a bit of hot water over another issue as well, and it is being investigated by Warren Allard's in-competent bureau of public morality—the ministry of conscience and corporate affairs. For the sake of a few thousand dollars in the burning ethical issues at stake in this matter, let us review the facts.

FACTS OF LOTO-CANADA'S COMMERCIAL VIOLENCE Outlets of libelously healthy young Canadians doing things on public lands **Cut to the Bone** standing by approving looks **Audible** "You've got to practice. Did you meet that woman of competition, the performer under contract. That's not a job. And we're whether it's a good or a bad one. Loto Canada revenues support competition on every level to help Canada's young athletes get better and better at their game. Loto Canada, The Canadian Institution dedicated to the development of fitness and amateur sports in Canada."

Well, what's wrong with that, you might ask. Nothing whatever, I would answer—but then of course I am the kind of depraved person who would see nothing wrong with people actually committing a glass of beer to a wine cellar. Our government would never allow us to observe such a

spectacle—and it seems they're objecting to Campaigne's interest on revenue as well. You see, in narrow factual truth, only about five per cent of Loto Canada's (now ninth annual) revenues go to the healthy young things on the parallel bars. Eighty-three per cent goes to pay off the Olympic debt, and its old brother, the 1976 Commonwealth Games. Twelve per cent goes to the provinces to use as they see fit. (The royalties probably used to fight Campaigne's jurisdiction over the lottery.) All this might add up to one leading advertising



Not if you ask me. Just as I don't expect the Canadian wine industry to push its new drink with a run of a diseased liver, I don't demand that Campaigne's ad should run like this **Vicco** **Blazer** **Dracopis** scurrying down dark alleyways **Cut to the Bone** find me lighting pipes with dollar bills **Audible** "You've got to practice. No matter how much you spend of the public purse there is always a little more to it. That's performing under pressure. Finding out whether it's going to win—or you are Loto Canada revenues support efficiency, aligned kickbacks, inflated estimates and other personalities on every level of government. Loto Canada, Dedicated to helping Canadians become great better and better at their game."

Of course since in our system an agent of the Crown cannot commit a crime, there is little danger of Allard ever putting Campaigne behind bars, pickled in alcoholism and narcotics are being applied against private shareholders every day who certainly take no

more liberty with stark truth than Loto Canada. They are being fired, censured or excluded from the air for reasons that have nothing to do with freedom—which should never go unpunished—but everything to do with the tastes and idiosyncrasies of our non-renewable regulators from the federal-provincial governments to the CMC.

For instance the commercial acceptance department of the CMC (which has no objections in the Loto Canada commercial) was shocked to the core by the Gentle Touch bath soap commercial for the Jergens Company, showing a lady and her mother taking a bath together. The sexual innuendo brought to the CMC's collective mind by this advertisement was nothing short of bloodcurdling. Wrote the spokesman of the CMC: "Among the elements producing the discomfort were the mouth-to-mouth kiss, the continuous cleavage and the deliberate eye-to-eye contact. Everyone in the commercial acceptance department believed that this message should not be

accepted." Out of about 20 non-commercial acceptance people who saw the commercial, only two found it acceptable. The CMC has actually refused to accept an Insurance Bureau of Canada message called "Let's Free Enterprise" and a similar Junior Chamber of Commerce ad on the grounds that "free enterprise is a controversial topic in our society." The CMC has also refused to accept the CBC that the society that pays for it. There are scores of similar examples buried in the ledgers of consumer and corporate affairs. But I'm reserving them for my second issue.

Nevertheless, let's make a deal—allow the government to consider "deals" no much of a free enterprise thing. I will happily let the government run the Loto Canada commercial if it will stop protecting me from the sight of mothers with their babies, beer drinkers drinking their faulty beer or from being told that free enterprise is okay. If I'm a big girl now and capable of washing my own linen.



KAUAI. THE BEAUTY OF HAWAII STARTS HERE.

The moment you arrive, the Garden Isle becomes a vivid visual ambush. There are more lush native flowers, trees and birds to capture the eye here than any of the other Hawaiian Islands.



The Garden Isle offers everything you could want in a vacation spot. It's a place you'll want to come back to.

anyway which may become dangerous if you're not careful. Golfers can choose from four breathtaking courses, one of them selected by Golf Digest as one of the 100 Best Courses in America. For those interested in tennis, Kauai provides the splendid potential for unlimited play on tennis courts, pro shops, lessons—the world's



Kauai has a quietness that makes you feel like you've stepped back a decade or two. Most of the population is still clustered in small agricultural communities where the main streets are lined by rows of charming old buildings with weathered facades. These courtyards with lush jungle beauty make Kauai a corner bluff paradise.



Hawaii's version of the Grand Canyon was not caused by volcanic activity or pure erosion as most people think. Instead it was the result of a fault that occurred long after the basic shape of the island had been shaped. Its multi-colored geological strata and deep rugged canyons make it one of Hawaii's great natural wonders.



during his quest to unify the islands. It is also the only island to experience Russian rule—though only during the year 1816-1817. The old Russian fort is still standing. An outstanding bit of history, Captain Cook "discovered" the Hawaiian Islands when he stepped on the shore at Waianae on Kauai's leeward coast in 1778.

Kauai has some of Hawaii's finest cultivated gardens. Wander for hours through purple, peach-laced with orchids, hibiscus, palms and succulents, or stroll through acres of landscaped gardens and lagoons. There are a delightful blend of historic influences and local lore.



Wherever something happens that Kauai people can't explain, you'll hear the word "mehehe" mentioned. The old folks will talk about their wish to travel. The young trade stories on their mysterious powers by the hour.

These legendary little creatures are said to be very skilled in stone work. The island has many houses (perched) dense and thick surrounded to meanehane.

Historically Kauai is unique. It is the only one of the larger Hawaiian Islands never conquered by King Kamehameha.



Hawaii isn't just a single island state, but eight archipelagos, each with its own story. Our journey made like a world tour—Chamorro, Japan, Micronesia, Korea, Hawaii, South Sea Islands, English, Portuguese—all sharing mutual peace and respect. We call it "The Aloha Spirit." It's the one thing you take home from Hawaii. We hope this is it.

Gather the "Gathering Place" for active Hawaiian life. Lush, lush world.



classroom, shopping and nightlife are a never-ending feast of sand, sun, and sea. Honolulu is a delightful mix of modern office towers and wooden facades of early Hawaii. Oahu's North Shore contains some of the finest surf anywhere.

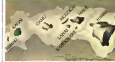
And for a lot of history, most visitors include stops at Iolani Palace and the Pearl Harbor Memorial. It's all part of the most sophisticated paradise in the world. Maui has something old, something new for everybody: old-timey whaling villages full of richly carved, plus per-

sonal golf courses and spectacular resorts. Molokai, now with modern golf and tennis facilities, is still a place of innocence and natural beauty for those who really want to get away from it all.

Lanai, made from 15,000 acres of pineapple, covers 75,000 acres of desert. Lanai, with its beaches, just made for exploring. Hawaii is the Big Island for contrast: 15,000 acres

volcanoes cover every inch of the island while vast, low stretches of lava sand dunes black sand beaches. Maui, activities like golf and fishing seem less like common sports and more like exotic experiences.

"Island-hopping" is no time by plane and try to see a bit of each. After all, when you see one island of Hawaii, you've only seen one.



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Secrets not yet whispered

THE TWENTY-SECOND SUMMER OF
KITTY MALONE
by John Cohen
(McClelland & Stewart, \$19.95)

[I]n his characters are dressed in wretchedness. They drink a lot, fight each other shamelessly, have a long memory for grudges and a short one for the lessons life has taught them. By now you know that John Cohen is a writer of small-town men and women most at ease sitting alone on wet grass reading a cigarette and watching the grey sheets of rain. In *Kitty Malone*, his sixth novel, Cohen takes us back to the imaginary townlands of Britain somewhere north of Brockville, Ontario.

The novel tells the story of the 20-year-plus love affair between Kitty Malone and Pat Frank. The couple live on the Malone farm, run by her brother and watched over by her 80-year-old mother, Ellen Malone, a lady cursed with stubborn pride subverted by an uncontrollable bladder. It is a love affair founded on war. Kitty, full of "unknown-unknowns," will not yield to desecrification or marriage.

Sometimes, to fight back at her, he would retreat for months at a time. Into drinking. Into someone who needed the consolation he expertly provided. Sometimes this would lead to a drink and perfect reunion, others it would lead to a fight where he would finally find himself drunk and screaming as much his throat hurt . . . and suddenly



Cohen lost in a landscape of wet grass.



Cohen lost in a landscape of wet grass.

Earning a living exclusively by his pen, Cohen is one of our most prolific writers. Since his first novel, *Karenzoff*, appeared in 1959, he has published 10 books of fiction, including recent work for children. Cohen's early stories and novels were consciously experimental, though he denies the existence of any rupture between them and his other, more traditional work. "Totally the Devilwood," I really wanted a lot of physical detail in that book," he says. "so

he would be able to smell it, his brain burning itself out with the sour smell of an overbaked battery."

Cohen is no stock writer playing the grunts-and-literary-army game. He is, quite likely, one of the hardest working writers in Canada. His determination to write a very good book can be read between every line and this time he has come close to writing a good one. What

he underscored his work so far and faces a distance between reader and book is a sense of—well, voraciousness. What makes this so disturbingly hard to pinpoint even after a fourth reading of *Kitty Malone*. The lower-middle-class lives he describes with such care and detail would be riveting in the hands of a writer like Steinbeck, while Cohen's own small-town, rural-regionalism could easily be the heart of a magnificent novel universe à la Thomas Hardy. But though several of Cohen's characters stay in one's mind after the book is closed, ultimately they remain smaller than life. They tell us nothing we didn't know about it all before we began and, since plot has never been Cohen's strong point, turning the pages becomes an obligation rather than a pleasure.

Still, *Kitty Malone* is more than another boring exercise in the novel's portrayal of dreamy people. Though Cohen covers descriptively close to that very-true-but-so-what feeling normally engendered by the Chicken-and-egg school of literary magazines, there is a quality in his writing, a haunting sense of glimpsing the essential beyond the haze of crafted words, that makes the reader go back to the book again and again with the gnawing feeling of having missed something. When Cohen permits his reader to touch this secret, he will have written the very good book he obviously seeks and deserves.

Barbara Amick

that the reader can experience landscapes as the characters do. "The landscape is Salem, home of his new heroine, Kitty Malone. But in this book, Cohen's main aim is more important: that the reader experience emotional events along with the characters."

"I don't know if it's really the age of Kitty. The years were just so many numbers now," he writes of her. "more important was the way she perceived things: the loss that she and I shared." "I imagine," he goes on himself, "so much time just to year that I have to turn a book when two years, or else it'd change completely." He admits that at least one novel, *The Colours of War*, did escape his grasp. And he claims never to have reread any of his books. "The finished product is always a necessary compromise—but of what? Kitty Malone the novel it should be." *Alas* is a cello on 170 acres of land at the edge of wilderness. But Cohen knows that novels rarely do their best work till their 40s. He's ready. He's waiting.

Mark Abley

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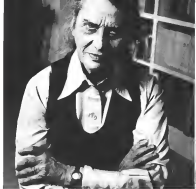
Light, mixable character and fine quality at a truly modest price.

A PROUD
CANADIAN



It's a long way to Salem country

With Cohen arrived in Salem, he found a patch of western Ontario, by a happy coincidence. He grew up in Ottawa, the son of a socialist, attending to become a journalist. Instead, he studied architecture and graduated from the University of Toronto during the strange years of protest. By 1967 he was teaching. Aspects of reality: to graduate students in regard to McMaster University in Hamilton. He is an urban experiential poet, yet Cohen, dry and oblique, looking every inch the isolated intellectual, is happy to inhabit a remote town without so much as a telephone. This reality obsessed by the Ontario landscape, he explains, "it makes it hard to live elsewhere." I want to think urban people were the most sophisticated—I don't think so here.



Less is more

CHILDREN OF MY HEART
by Gabrielle Roy
(McClelland & Stewart \$12.95)

As older, more ardent, grow, the less they need Gabrielle Roy does without so much that her latest book has the mellow serenity of a still life. It contains no politics, no sex, few jokes, few changes of place, little violence and few complications. Its author has no fear of sentiment. "Oh, that boy" she can write, delirious as to write an essay. "There's still a nightmare around my heart when I think of you." She has no need to grieve, no games to play, nothing to grieve except to be. The word is overused but no other word will do.

Children of My Heart is a story of women and men, as its publishers claim, a novel. It inhabits the grey area between sentiment and autobiography; the unnamed narrator is a girl just out of school school, a teacher in rural Manitoba near the start of the Depression. Gabrielle Roy was just such a teacher and she alone knows how closely the stories adhere to fact. Each of them centres on the delicate, wary relations between the girl and a pupil or two, as remembered or imagined more than 40 years later. The result is fiction as golden as one of its October sunsets, sweetest and purest, or rather the occasional harmony found in nature as it battles over its secret.

The children themselves are often

Roy mellow serenity but still living

Brown, to our own refuge. The lives and work of French Canadians are not limited by the borders of Quebec. And the work of Gabrielle Roy deserves to go beyond all borders. **Mark Abley**

Adrift on the sea of time

EARLY MAN AND THE OCEAN
by Thor Heyerdahl
(Doubleday \$18.95)

In our day man has navigated an intercontinental sea, hurling hulking metallic crafts into space with the calculated aid of science and the reassuring hand of technology. As impressive feat. Yet it pales in significance to the romantic ventures of pre-historical navigators who fought for fear and superstition to leave uncharted waters in boats of balsa and papyrus. Much of the credit for establishing early man's rightfulness in history goes to author-adventurer Thor Heyerdahl, who popularized the idea of pre-Columbian seafaring and civilization in his Kon-Tiki (Penguin) and Ra (Atlantic) expeditions. This slightly repetitive and highly detailed collection of essay lectures the Norwegian's contention that "invincible marine catamarans"—balsa and papyrus—not only dictated the flow of ancient oceanic traffic, but also determined the diffusion of culture.

More compelling is Heyerdahl's understated, secondary claim that historical evidence can be manipulated and perverted by scientific bias or ethnocentrism. The historical truths we inhabit along with the Golden Rule are essential to our own identity.

Heyerdahl, trails of Vikings and melons



Italy a sham. The great white hopes—Columbus, Magellan, Cook, Pizarro, Cortes, according to the lusty tale in a starred global map, heavily larding victory and reality to bring credence to the primitives. For the sake of simplicity, if not greed, it was quietly overlooked that European explorers were drawing on the expertise of local Indians, the itinerant merchant colonizers, West Coast Black Indians and other "primitives," who, generations earlier, craved routes through the same waters. Italian Christopher Columbus, with the moral authority of the Holy Cross, gained supremacy over an allegedly pagan barbarian like the Viking Leif Erikson. Spanish priests burned Aztec documents, rejecting their historical accounts and technological feats as the fabric of heathens.

That same narrow-mindedness plagued 19th- and 20th-century scientists who misinterpreted botanical, zoological and cultural parallels between continents because they could not recognize that aborigines were capable of extended sea travel in brilliantly constructed catamarans. Delighted anthropologist Heyerdahl takes the reader to Valparaiso Island, the Galapagos Islands, Greenland and Easter Island in search of his centuries. Inevitably, Rolly Allen and the Ocean adequately illustrates that even as we race into space we have a limited insight into what they experienced before us. **Toba Karamkhan**

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICITION**
- 1 *War and Remembrance*, Hilary (1)
 - 2 *Quagmire*, Heller (12)
 - 3 *Chappaquiddick*, McManus (2)
 - 4 *A Very Political Lady*, Lattimore (8)
 - 5 *Travels to Yonni*, Mueseler (4)
 - 6 *On the Beach*, Goldsmith (1)
 - 7 *The Fall of Rome*, Kays (7)
 - 8 *The Eagle and the Raven*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 9 *For the Love of a Man* (1)
 - 10 *The Master Men*, McManus (1)
- NON-FICITION**
- 1 *Lauren Beckett*, McManus (1)
 - 2 *Memoirs of a Woman*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 3 *Brooklyn*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 4 *Brooklyn*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 5 *Brooklyn*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 6 *Brooklyn*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 7 *Brooklyn*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 8 *Brooklyn*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 9 *Brooklyn*, Galsworthy (1)
 - 10 *Brooklyn*, Galsworthy (1)

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YES, I WANT TO SEE THIS BOOK

The time is right for racing in the streets

By Patricia Goldstone

And the makers of movies looked down upon Saturday Night Fever and saw that it was good. They would descend into the cow-pens, the ghettos and the barrios and they would fashion themselves a folk-hero from among the last poster males left in

or, worst of all, "mud." Now, suddenly, there are nine theatrical films featuring rebellious bunch of varying degrees of ethnicity scheduled to hit the theatres in the next year, plus a feature-length TV docudrama with genuine gang members as its stars. Meanwhile, the producers are rushing to deny they are making "gang movies," to pretend that this is the one and only

"What's a gang movie?" asked Eric Pinkow who, with Arthur Krim, Mike Medavay, Robert Benjamin and William Berkson, formed the think-tank that split off from United Artists last year to become Orion Pictures. Orion, re-named as the most acute production company in Hollywood today, was the first to announce a gang project. The Wanderers. In fact, Orion is leading on yet another youth-oriented film, *Over the Edge*, which also smells to all but studio brains—surprisingly like a gang movie. "A gang movie deals with gangs," Pinkow explained from company headquarters at Burbank Studios. "The territorial imperative is what distinguishes them—you can't have a gang movie without a real gang."

There are rival gangs aplenty in *The Wanderers*. Directed by Philby Kaufman (screenplay by his post-wife Rose and based on a first novel by Richard Price, this is the most purely nostalgic of all the gang films. It is American Graffiti set in the Bronx before it became the war zone it is today. The Wanderers are an Italian gang in a tough, lower-middle-class, mixed-race high school. They are rarely but essentially harmless. They roost in around truce with their rivals, a black gang called the Del Bonners, until the Ducky Boys, a vicious east-of-new/hooded gang that produces the street urban junk killers of a Clockwork Orange, fix the Wanderers' expatriate to some anti-black graffiti within the school. Gang war turns to race war, the Wanderers and Bonbers attempt to have it out at a football match but the Ducky invade and the match turns into a massacre. The enemies unite against a common foe but their heavy losses signal the end of the old ways. At once the most affectionate and humorous of the new gang films, *The Wanderers* is a period piece, not an attempt to sentimentalize the acute and inescapable depravity of the slums. "This is a coming-of-age story," said Kaufman on location in New York. "A whole memory of a time when teenagers had their ways that were not combined with an awareness of a larger world. That came with Kennedy's death and with Vietnam. I ran with a gang myself then, but older guys who just wanted to go on being Wanderers for the rest of their lives. While gangs as we know them really stopped around 1960—that's when drugs came in and teen-age life changed radically, probably for the better. But there's a tremendous nostalgia, seen in *Grease* and the *Freaky* and the setting of *Marlin Brando*. It all has a kind of wounded innocence."

The Wanderers (above), the kids from the suburbs in "Over the Edge" a gang by any other name is still a gang

North America. They would dress him in full array of tribal pomp and parade him in all manner of motor vehicle along the boulevards. Let there be violence, they decreed, and, there was violence, and a certain amount of pubescent sex. They would cash in. Or would they?

Three years ago a major Hollywood studio wouldn't touch a gang picture they were "misogynist" or "depressing"



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The quality of violence is not stressed in *The Wanderer*; there's plenty of it, some pretty graphic, as when the owner of the Pasadena Lanes bowling alley drops a ball on the head of a huncher (who is played by Richard Price)—he thinks it's a much greater feat than writing the novel! But, on the whole, it has a self-glorious twist that can be no more than mistaken as glorification. The same cannot be said of *The Warriors* (MCA/UA, Feb. 26), in which the violence appears to be glossed over and sensationalized at the same time. Producer Larry Green describes the film as an "action-adventure piece with a contemporary background." Green is responsible for such gory effects as *The Driver* and *Deliverance*; says, like a doctor telling a child that this shot won't hurt: "The violence in *The Warriors* is popular violence. It's not scary, because it can't happen to you." A statement thoroughly contradicted by the murder committed in the lobby of a California theatre by a teenager who had just seen the film and the *Warrior*-inspired gang rape named U.S. arrests.

A former scripter in the Chinese community of East Los Angeles when *Walk Proud* went into production last May, Gifford (and not-so-gifted) Latin actors were notified that the first major role was meant to portray the Chinese experience should do so with Anglo actors. Bobby Simson and Sarah Holzman in the leads—Simson's blue eyes masked with brown contact lenses that scratched them as badly as shooting him to be suspended for 10 days. Many, too, objected that the premise of the script by Erwin Hunter, the author of *The Blackboard Jungle*, is racist. Then real gang warfare broke out on the set when actors who were giving themselves were brought into a rival high school to film. But *Walk Proud*, according to director Robert Collins, is simply a modern-day, believable Roman and Juliet (Sarah (and Juliet) of the ring, yuck! Married, she meets Emilio (and Romeo) of the greasers) gang in the parking lot of the high school that (temporarily) thanks to being) they share. A *West Side Story* without the music.

Gifford is a film-director from a TV background (*Police Story*, *Police Women*). *Walk Proud* is his first crack at features and he made a compromise to do it. "It's not the straightforward love story that I had in mind when I started out," he said, adding wryly that he expects to get attacked for everything when the film opens in early summer, "for being too sentimental, for being too mild, for using Bobby Simson." But Pepe Serna, one of the film's Chinese actors, puts it bluntly: "The studio needs a bankable star. If they had it, cost Bobbie, none of us would be working today." Collins has endeavored to give the admittedly

sluggish story line a hard edge by shooting in the style of his TV police docu-dramas. "Everything will be very hard, rough, and clear." But like *Warrior*, *Walk Proud* appears to have been pondered for many considerations, so much so that the obligatory big fight scene between the two rival gangs has been deliberately left out. The over-all impression is that of a TV movie suddenly slotted into theatrical release. If the message transmitted by *Walk Proud* seems to be "Hey, guys, it's all right, they're just like you and me," the truth of the barrio or ghetto or inner city is something quite different, says film-maker Gary Weiss, who recently completed the TV film *40 Streets From Tiffany's* among the gangs of the South Bronx. "It's the most incredibly counter-culture experience I've ever seen." The counter-culture feeling also comes across strongly in *Boathead Nights*. Written by Desmond Nakano, a young Japanese-American whose family suffered through the internment camps in World War II, the script translates some of his anger into the same culture supposedly exploded by *Walk Proud*. It's here in Raymond Avila, a bright, hardworking young Chinese who is growing away from his Yarris Kobra (our club) with the help of his openly mobile girlfriend, Shelly, representative of the Karen Lynn Gorney character in *Saturday Night Fever*. Unfortunately, Raymond (played by Chinese actor Richard Yip) has a soft love (and feisty) brother, Chien, who keeps dragging him back to the streets.

Boathead Nights is really a sensitive film. It stresses the values of pride, loyalty and physical bravery, but with an almost primitive violence that is the most realistic of the two films. It's the gladiator and somewhat overblown counter-part, *Walk Proud*. Director Michael Pressman says *Boathead Nights* could never have filmed in conjunction with "major state machines." The intended culture was being photographed and became part of it. Our office was on the main crime drug, Whittier Boulevard, and anyone could walk in and ask for a job. We made a lot of money in many of the neighborhood kids as possible, avoiding fights by involving the community. We did have some camera equipment stolen one night, but a honeybee found out who did it and made him put it back. Then he kicked the kid off the set." Director and writer are careful to say that the film is basically the story of a brother conflict set against a gang background, but "if the where say they're not doing gang pictures, then we can."

The upper-middle-class suburban miles of Orion Pictures' second gang picture, *Over the Edge*, seems light-years away from the ghetto. And Me-

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day and Plinkov argue that it shouldn't be considered in the same group at all. "It's really about the relationship of these children with their parents, the preoccupations of the parents with barbaric living and their refusal or inability to give strength to their kids," argues Oscar producer Rob Silverman. "It debunks the myth of the suburban idyll as the ideal environment for raising children." Over the Edge is certainly as bleak as any teeny-bile tale. It centers around the misadventures of Carl Wilentz, a good kid who moves into a peak new condo development. Carl has problems with his father, an ambitious, Caddy-selling city planner who is

going bankrupt; the female of the species have failed to get off the ground because of subtle reluctance to portray violence in the gentler sex—though its existence is undeniable. Now David Paterson (*Whiteflight Express*) is producing *Form*, starring Julie Foster as one of four fifteen-year-old girls from the San Fernando Valley, a beleaguered community like that of *Over the Edge*. "It's a past-age-piece," he says. "A contemporary Little Women combined with *Rebel Without a Cause*. The girls find their peer relationships stronger than their troubled families. One character gets killed and another gets married, but the movie is about feelings rather than

any of gang violence, a low-to-chose on the making of teen-on-teen movies." Actually, we don't show any violence," says Weiss, who missed real footage with re-enactments of stories told him by the gang members who were his stars. "Just a little teasing, a little touching, a ball getting a drop on a cup with a gas. But it's far less sensational than any film that uses a strong dramatic narrative."

The current gang craze can be reduced to its elements: a unique combination of '50s ritual rites, the buddy film and the underdog appeal of the young person. But one has to ask, why now? Why 1987? Is it social conservatism or random selection? If the '60s were about college kids, the '70s—and possibly the '80s—are about teens and pre-teens. The adults who lived through the heyday of the gang era (some of them now Hollywood directors) are giving gang films a means of revisiting their sturdy youth. For contemporary teenagers, they're a means of experiencing a youth they never had. "Even though they're more enlightened than we were, I think young people today miss the land of teen-aged world that had its own boundaries," says Philip Kaufman, whose 14-year-old son "found" *The Wanderers* in novel form. "How do you miss something you never had? Well, why do we miss the West? Why do we have a nostalgia for the future, as in the *Slaves of Grand Hotels*. Maybe it's a kind of neo-romanticism."

Even Hunter thinks that America is still an adolescent country. It is perhaps closer to the truth to say that America is an adolescent country bound to grow up overnight through the economic and social pressures of the '70s. Survival, a recurrent theme in gang films, has also become the alibi for the moribund middle class: the Bee Gees' teenies are the only ones "stuck alive." The most responsible of the films, *Rocky Horror*, *Nights*, *The Wanderers*, *Over the Edge*—tap the current sense of irrevocable social change through the experience of growing up. But they also transcend the peculiar security of being in a teenager's mind down to basic questions of getting a job and getting laid. Young gang members are bound to take care of you through all the increasing uncertainties of the times. And the singularity of the teenage male is a relief to a society fatigued with the grey sea of sexual role playing (although it's argued that the gang itself is a homosexual bond) before the bombshell appeal of John Travolta's masculinity.

It's a form of slithering, certainly a sign of our decadence, to invite subalterns once considered dignified in order to tap their virility. Significant evidence that the whole "wave" of 1985 is Travolta patterns. Ah, the '90s. What's left to expect of the '900's?

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Extending gas to new areas in eastern Canada will have its problems. As the pipeline system becomes longer, transportation

costs increase. Servicing each community would involve laying pipes and altering heating systems—never a simple job. The existing pipeline from western Canada goes only as far as Montreal.

Yet natural gas offers Canada a chance to become more self-reliant. And this opportunity has not come about easily or cheaply.

Increasing sums have had to be spent in exploration and development. Costs are extremely high in the far north and off the east coast. Consumers have supported exploration through higher fuel prices. Governments have given direct investment support and indirect support through tax systems.

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Yuppies (far left) and the rest of the club from "Over the Edge" (far right)

events." Paterson, who is British, originally wanted to do a film about the high teen suicide rate in Beverly Hills. "When I first arrived here, the participation of suicide and all that would fascinate me. He couldn't get any studio to touch it. From, he says, a clue.

The only one of the crop willing to call itself a gang film is a real gang film—*40 Blocks From Tiffany's* (The other features scheduled for release in the next year are *Rockwell*, about kids sequestering off kids in Brooklyn, *Delaware*, set in New York, and one Martin Scorsese plans, *The Gang of New York*). Based on Sergio Scaia, an *Esquire* article by John Bradshaw, the film enters the bombed-out South Bronx of today without passing judgment on it. With, whose 20-minute film will be aired in *Sex* Saturday Night Live (two slot, has already suffered some buffering from the networks who are afraid that his refusal to judge will be viewed as ado-

lescenting efforts to sell the ground intended for youth recreational facilities to a wealthy group of investors. Through force of circumstance, Carl becomes leader of a pack of kids who fight against the deal.

Strictly speaking, the movie is docudrama. Investigative journalism highly specified, with controlled entertainment values. Screenwriters Tim Hunter and Charlie Hays began the script in 1984, when a rash of newspaper articles on teen violence in the affluent northern California community of Pepper City first appeared. Says Hays: "We wondered how something that was, on the surface, the American Dream could produce so many tensions in so short a time." But *Over the Edge* is far from clothes-worth. A futuristic look is created by the court fashion of the kids (most wear their own clothes) and the ultramodern architecture of the Denver location, which approximates Denver as City (whose citizens voted filming for fear of more adverse publicity).

Numerous attempts to depict the

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A poker table, a schoolgirl feud and the three mother-driven men from Quebec

By Alan Fotheringham

The analogy that always springs to the forehead of a stranger in this province is a visitor arriving by 190 from Mars. He discovers that the United States is not another, that Texas wishes to secede. To his astonishment he finds that the three figures controlling the debate are all from Texas. The Make from the 190 has good reason to be somewhat puzzled, wondering what has happened to all these other Americans who might ordinarily be expected to be involved in the argument.

We have a like situation in this strange land. The debate on whether Quebec will be allowed to separate is being conducted—in the verbal saloons of English Canada—by three men from Quebec. Their names are Pierre Trudeau, René Lévesque and Claude Ryan. While some three-quarters of the country sits aside, mesmerized by the brilliance and eloquence of the three inter-locutors from one province, the main force of the population is basically unrepresented in the argument that may make or break this impossible dream of a country.

What is so intriguing is that the three men—while in truth being so unrepresentative of some 75 per cent of the population—have in varying fashion our main traits, however unattractive. They are all products of the same era—the Depression, early war—Trudeau, although appearing the most vigorous, is the eldest at 56; Lévesque is 56, Ryan, although appearing the father figure, is the youngest at 54. All three achieved their early prominence as journalists: Trudeau as the incisive anti-Duplessis pamphleteer of *Cité Libre*; Lévesque as the most charismatic TV commentator in Quebec; Ryan as the conscience of the intellectual community while editor of *Le Devoir*.

It is Vincent Lemieux, a shrewd Liberal professor, who has detected another link. All three mercenary men came to their present power by somewhat delectable routes: Lévesque was a Liberal cabinet minister in Quebec before

founding the Parti Québécois. Ryan easily could have become a member of the 1969 Queen's National cabinet under Jean-Jacques Bertrand. Trudeau, of course, was an NDP supporter before he decided the route to power lay with the Liberals.

The Latin Triangle? Of course. An *Entente* among others has pointed out the reason these three so dominate national affairs—while their supposed equivalents on the other side of the scholastic wall are in law practice—is that they really are citizens of the world.



Trudeau topped his interminable university studies in the U.S., England and France with his literary, oft-cited travels around the globe. Lévesque as first a US correspondent and then a CBC correspondent named the world. It has always amazed me that Lévesque, as the man who wants to break up Canada, is the only present Canadian political leader who has ever seen a war. The worldly Ryan did his graduate work in Rome.

One does not have to have a subtler sense of humor to detect yet another trait that affects all of us: all three have a driving antipathy fuelled by the fact of their having lost their fathers early. The fathers of both Trudeau and Lévesque died while the alarming news was in their early teens. Ryan's father disappeared when his son was three. They are mother-driven men, intent on fulfilling dreams that their own imaginations have evolved. There is also a honesty and humanity there—Trudeau and Lévesque are the only top Canadian poli-



tical leaders to acknowledge publicly, and frankly, that their marriages have not worked. Others like it.

What is so legitimately interesting to the three-quarters of Canada shut out of direct access to the debate is that the next player at the poker table, Joe Clark, if the spring's election should so wish it, actually could break the logjam with the PQ simply by being a new player in the game. The Trudeau-Lévesque feud on Lévesque, as witness the frenetic one-upmanship on the embarrassing Barre visit, is as rigid and inflexible as a schoolgirl feud. A country is more important than individual ego.

What might be of thoughtful interest is the identity of the successor if the stubborn Trudeau, still regarded with hostility west of Toronto's Bushby River, should fall or his own word come his spring election. His pride is such, as he has confessed, that he would not last five minutes in opposition. Allan Rock, the 40-in man for all reasons, would become the interim PM until a Liberal leadership convention. This temporary, steady state of course would be a candidate. So would Don (all pipes, no depth) Jamieson, Jean Chrétien, with no chance of winning, would stand strictly to advance a Quebec stance. Otto Lang, naturally, would host his champagne banner.

You would be surprised at the winner. Not Mr. Blue Eyes insurance John Turner, the victim of a media myth, rejected by middle-party fantasists, for deserting the party when he was most needed in a party which has had rather more disillusionment and intellect than it really bargained for, the pressure is on The Thunder himself, large Don MacDonald, who quite legitimately progressed into law practice with O'Garry and McCarthy and blundered family life. He was sincere at the time. Events have a strange way of adjusting priorities. If Pierre the Pat expatriate, you will be surprised at how much pressure will be exerted on Donald the Doll as his successor. Have I ever been wrong?



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